

THE ILLUSTRATED
SPORTING & DRAMATIC
NEWS

No. 162.—VOL. VI.

SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1877.

[REGISTERED FOR
TRANSMISSION ABROAD.]

PRICE SIXPENCE.
By Post 6½d.



MRS. MARCH (VIRGINIA GABRIEL).

RAILWAYS.

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.
LINCOLN SPRING RACES.

A Special Express Train, conveying 1st, 2nd, and 3rd class Passengers at Ordinary Fares, will be run to Lincoln as under:

	On Monday, 19th March.	On Tuesday and Wednesday, 20th and 21st March.
Leave King's Cross	A.M. 8.40	A.M. 8.55
" Finsbury Park	8.47	9.3
" Peterborough	10.22	10.40
" Grantham		11.30
Arrive at Lincoln	11.40	12.25

Also on WEDNESDAY, 21st March, a Special Express Train, conveying 1st, 2nd, and 3rd class Passengers, will leave Lincoln for London, Grantham, and Peterborough as under:—Lincoln, dep. 6.10 p.m.; Grantham, arr. 6.50; Peterborough, arr. 6.30; London (King's Cross) arr. 9.20. Return tickets will be available by these trains.

HENRY OAKLEY, General Manager.
London, King's Cross Station, March, 1877.

MANCHESTER, SHEFFIELD, and LINCOLNSHIRE RAILWAY.

LIVERPOOL SPRING MEETING,
MARCH 22, 23, and 24.

By the nearest and most expeditious route.

On WEDNESDAY, March 21, SPECIAL EXPRESS TRAINS will leave LINCOLN (G.N.) at 5.45, 6.10, and 6.35 p.m., for the CENTRAL STATION, LIVERPOOL, and LONDON-ROAD STATION, MANCHESTER, and run as under:

	1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class to only to Liverpool.	1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class to Class to Manchester or Liverpool.
Lincoln (G.N.)	Special Express. p.m.	Fast. p.m.
Sheffield	dep. 5.45 arr. 6.55	6.10 7.35 7.50
Liverpool (Central Station) about 9.10	dep. 7.5	7.45 7.55
Manchester (London-road)		10.10 11.15
		9.20
ORDINARY TRAINS run daily as under:		
	1st cl. a.m. 7.25 10.40 2.45 4.0 5.45 6.0 6.10 6.35	2nd cl. a.m. 7.25 10.40 2.45 4.0 5.45 6.0 6.10 6.35
Liverpool (Central Station)	arr. 11.35 3.45 7.15 8.15 9.10 11.15 10.10 11.15	
Manchester (London-road)	arr. 10.5 2.30 6.0 7.45	9.55 9.20
	Runs on Wednesday, 21st March, only.	

R. G. UNDERDOWN, General Manager.
London-road Station, Manchester, March.

LONDON AND SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT-RACE, 1877.

Tickets of Admission to view the Race from the Barnes Railway Bridge, price 20s. each, including railway fares between London, Kingston, Shepperton, Hounslow, or intermediate stations, and Barnes, can now be obtained at this Office on personal application or by letter. In the latter case a remittance in payment for the number required must accompany the application. Tickets can also be obtained on application at the Company's West End Office, 39, Regent-circus, Piccadilly; and at the City Office, Arthur-street West, London Bridge.

For the accommodation of the holders of these tickets only, a Special Train will leave Waterloo Station on the day of the race, for Barnes Bridge, at a time to be announced by advertisement in the daily papers, &c., and will return from the Bridge with passengers for London only, about ten minutes after the conclusion of the race.

Early applications are desirable, as the number of tickets will be strictly limited.

By Order,
FREDERICK CLARKE, Secretary.

Secretary's Office, Waterloo Bridge Station,
London, March 2, 1877.

BOMBAY.—ANCHOR LINE.—Direct route to India. Fortnightly sailings.—First-class steamers, fitted up expressly for the trade. Qualified surgeons and stewardesses carried.

From Glasgow. From Liverpool.

BARBARY Saturday, Mar. 24 Saturday, March 31.
INDIA Saturday, April 7 Saturday, April 14.
MACEDONIA Saturday, April 14 Saturday, April 21.
SICILY Saturday, April 28 Saturday, May 5.

First-class, 50 guineas. Sail punctually as advertised. Apply for berths or handbooks to Henderson Brothers, Union-street, Glasgow, and 17, Water-street, Liverpool; J. W. Jones, Chapel-walk, Manchester; Grindlay and Co., 55, Parliament-street, S.W.; and Henderson Brothers, 19, Leadenhall-street, E.C.

MARAVILLA COCOA FOR BREAKFAST.

"It may justly be called the perfection of Prepared Cocoa."—British Medical Press.

"Entire solubility, a delicate aroma, and a rare concentration of the purest elements of nutrition, distinguish the MARAVILLA COCOA above all others."

Globe. Sold in tin-lined packets only by Grocers, TAYLOR BROTHERS, London, Sole Proprietors.

THE GLACIARIUM. REAL ICE SKATING AT THE OLD CLOCK HOUSE, 379, KING'S-ROAD, CHELSEA, S.W.

The large Rink now completed and permanently frozen over, is open for Skaters.

Admission—by Visitor's vouchers only—which, together with the club rules and other particulars, can be obtained upon application by letter to the Secretary,

April 25, 1877.

HARRINGTON E. O'RREILLY.

MISS HEATH'S PROVINCIAL TOUR, Accompanied by Mr. WILSON BARRETT'S COMPANY, will commence at Easter.

The Company will meanwhile travel with "THE SHAUGHRAUN."

THEATRE ROYAL, LEEDS, Six Nights. All letters to be addressed to Mr. WILSON BARRETT, 22, Lower Seymour-street, Portman-square, London, till further notice.

Stage Manager, Mr. A. CUTHEBERT; Acting Manager, Mr. LEE ANDERSON.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY, NEW BOND-STREET, WILL OPEN ON THE 1ST OF MAY NEXT.

GENERAL EXHIBITION OF WATER COLOUR DRAWINGS, DUDLEY GALLERY, Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.—The THIRTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION will OPEN on MONDAY, the 29th inst.—R. F. M'NAIR, Sec.

After Monday, is open daily from 10 till 6. Admittance, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.

THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S GARDENS, Regent's-park, are open daily (except Sunday). Admission is, on Monday 6d., children always 6d. The Collection of Hunting Trophies and Zoological specimens made during the Indian tour of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, is open from 11 a.m. to 4 p.m. daily. Amongst the most recent additions are a large Anaconda and some rare Indian Birds, new to the collection.

THEATRES.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

On Monday and during the week (Saturday excepted), at 6.45, TEN OF 'EM. At 7.30 HASKA, Mr. Creswick, Miss Leighton, Messrs. H. Russell, F. Tyers, G. Weston, P. Bell, R. Dolman, C. Fenton, J. Johnstone, Douglas, Evans. Misses C. Nott, Clara Jecks, &c. At 9.10 CORSICAN BROTHERS. Louis and Fabien dei Franchi, Mr. H. Sinclair. On Saturday next, March 24, THE COLLEEN BAWN. Prices from 6d. to £5 5s. Doors open at 6.30; commence at a quarter to seven. Box office open from 10 till 5 daily.

ROYAL ADELPHI THEATRE.—THIS EVENING, at 7, Pantomime, LITTLE GOODY TWO SHOES, performed entirely by children. At 9, THE COLLEEN BAWN. Messrs. C. Sullivan, S. Barry, W. Terriss, F. Tyers, J. G. Shore, H. Vaughan, Mesdames Rose Coghlan, Hudspeth, Taylor, C. Nott, Everard, &c.

LOST IN LONDON. EVERY EVENING.

—Characters by Mr. S. Emery, Mr. H. Jackson, Mr. Revelle, Mr. C. J. Smith, Mr. G. Weston, Mr. H. Evans, Mr. E. Travers, Miss Rose Coghlan, Miss F. Leslie, Mrs. Alfred Mellon, &c. Box-office open from 10 till 5 daily.—ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

Lessee and Manager, Mr. J. B. Buckstone. LAST NIGHTS OF PYGMALION AND GALATEA. Every Evening, at 7.30, Rae's Comedy, FOLLOW THE LEADER. Miss Annie Lafontaine, Miss Irwin, Mr. Herbert, &c. After which at 8.30, PYGMALION AND GALATEA. Cynisca, Miss H. Hodson; Galatea, Miss M. Terry; Myrene, Miss M. Harris; Daphne, Miss Chippendale; Pygmalion, Mr. C. Harcourt; Chrysos, Mr. Buckstone; and, Leucippe, Mr. Howe. Concluding with BIRDS IN THEIR LITTLE NESTS AGREE. The Theatre will be closed during Passion Week.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—SHAKSPEARE'S KING RICHARD III.

MR. HENRY IRVING as DUKE OF GLOSTER. MISS BATEMAN as QUEEN MARGARET. Every Evening till further notice, at 7.45, KING RICHARD III. Richard Duke of Gloucester, Mr. Henry Irving; Queen Margaret, Miss Bateman; Lady Anne, Miss Isabel Bateman. Scenery by Hawes Craven; Music by R. Stoepel. Preceded at 7.0 by THE LOTTERY TICKET. The Theatre will be closed from March 20 to Easter Monday, when there will be a Morning Performance of LEEAH, the entire proceeds of which will be devoted to the Hospital Saturday Fund.

ROYAL ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—Sole

Lessee and Manager, Mrs. John Wood.—NOTICE.—On Easter Monday, Morning Performance of THE DANISCHOFFS at 2. Doors open 1.30. Every evening during the week, at 8.15, will be presented in Four Acts, THE DANISCHOFFS—Characters by Mr. Hermann Vezin, Mr. John Clayton, Mr. C. Warner, Mr. C. Cooper, Mr. F. H. Macklin, Mr. Sandford, Mr. A. Parry, Mr. Darrell, Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Winstanley, &c.; Miss Lydia Foote, Miss Fanny Addison, Miss Maria Daly, Miss Edith Challis, Miss Lavis, Miss Wilmore, and Mrs. John Wood. Preceded by, at 7.30, a COMEDIETTE.—Box office open daily from 10 till 5. Doors open at 7.

FOLLY THEATRE.—Proprietor and Manager, Mr. ALEX. HENDERSON.

LAST 6 NIGHTS OF ROBINSON CRUSOE. LAST 6 NIGHTS OF MISS THOMPSON in comedy. LAST 6 NIGHTS OF THE SEASON.

Every Evening at 7.30, PERPETUAL MOTION. At 8, NINE POINTS OF THE LAW, Mrs. Smylie, Miss Lydia Thompson. At 9.20, ROBINSON CRUSOE.

NOTICE.—This Theatre will remain closed during Passion Week, for the purpose of making some necessary alterations, the new season re-opening on Saturday, 31st March, with a grand Easter burlesque, entitled OXYGEN; OR, GAS IN BURLESQUE METRE, by Messrs. R. Reece and H. B. Farnie. Costumes designed by Draner, of Paris. Scenery by Messrs. Grieve and Son.

FOLLY MATINEE, Saturday, 24th March, Last Performance but One, and Last Matinee of ROBINSON CRUSOE, Miss Lydia Thompson and entire Company. Doors open at 2; commence at 2.30.—Acting-Manager, Mr. J. C. Scanlan.

CRITERION THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. ALEX. HENDERSON.

Revival for twelve nights only, of "The Great Divorce Case." Monday, and during the week, at 7.30, DOROTHY'S STRATAGEM. At 8.45, THE GREAT DIVORCE CASE, Charles Wyndham, and all the original cast. GENTLE REBECCA, a Comedy in Three Acts, by James Albery, in rehearsal.—Acting Manager, Mr. H. J. Hitchins.

GLOBE THEATRE.—EVERY EVENING, AT 8.15 TERMINATING AT 10.45, A NEW DRAMA,

"CORA," by W. G. WILLS and Frank Marshall, in which

MRS. HERMANN VEZIN will appear, prior to her departure for Australia and America. Characters by Messrs. J. Fernandez, E. Leathes, Beveridge, W. H. Stephens, D. Fisher, jun., Wingrove, Gray, Balfour, &c.; Miss Telbin, and Mrs. Hermann Vezin. Preceded at 7.30 by a new and original comedietta in one act, by Thomas Smett, Esq., entitled THE MAGPIE AND THIMBLE, Misses Telbin, Rosine Power; Messrs. Balfour and W. H. Stephens. Box-office open daily from 11 to 5.—Acting Manager, Mr. W. A. Burt.

ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.

On Saturday, March 3rd, and Every Evening at 7.30, THE DOWAGER. Messrs. H. Cox, Grahame, and W. H. Vernon. Mesdames F. Hughes, F. Brunell and Ada Swanborough. At 8.20, BABES AND BEETLES. Mr. John S. Clarke, Mr. Vernon, Miss Venne, &c. Conclude with TRIAL BY JURY. Messrs. Cox, Marius, Penley, Parry and J. G. Taylor. Miss Venne, &c.

ROYAL COURT THEATRE.—Mr. Hare, Lessee and Manager.

—Every Evening, punctually at Eight o'clock, NEW MEN AND OLD ACRES, written by Tom Taylor and A. W. Dubourg. The principal characters will be acted by Miss Ellen Terry, Mrs. Gaston Murray, Mrs. Stephens, Miss Kate Aubrey; Mr. Kelly, Mr. Anson, Mr. Conway, Mr. Ersler Jones, and Mr. Hare. The new scenery painted by Messrs. Gordon and Harford.—Doors open at 7.30. Box-office hours 11 to 5.—Acting-Manager, Mr. John Huy. Fifth Morning Performance, Saturday next, 24th March.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—Lessees

Messrs. D. James and T. Thorne. Enormous Success of OUR BOYS. Every Evening, at 7.30, A WHIRLIGIG; at 8, the most successful comedy, OUR BOYS, written by H. J. Byron. Concluding with A FEARFUL FOG; supported by Messrs. William Farren, David James, C. W. Garthorne, J. P. Bernard, W. Lestocq, A. Austin and Thomas Thorne. Mesdames Amy Roselle, Kate Bishop, Nellie Walters, Cicely Richards, Sophie Larkin, &c. Acting Manager, Mr. D. McKay.

N.B.—Saturday next, March 24th (Boat-race Day), MORNING PERFORMANCE of OUR BOYS. Commencing at half-past 2.

ROYALTY THEATRE.—EVERY EVENING.

MISS KATE SANTLEY will appear as Clairette (by desire) in LA FILLE DE MADAME ANGOT. Lange, Miss Emily Muir, (specially engaged) Pomponnet, Mr. J. D. Stoye; Piton, Mr. Henry Hallam. Messrs. Kelleher and Beyer; Miss Rose Cullen, Rose Roberts, and a strong company. Prices, from 6d. to £3 3s. Doors open at 7, commence at 7.30.

ROYAL GRECIAN THEATRE, City-road.

SOLE PROPRIETOR—MR. GEORGE CONQUEST.

Dancing in the New Hall. MORNING PERFORMANCE of the PANTOMIME on EASTER MONDAY, at 1.30. Last Six Nights of the Pantomime previous to Easter. Every Evening, at 7.15, the Grand Pantomime, entitled GRIM GOBLIN; or, HARLEQUIN OCTOPUS, the DEVIL FISH. Messrs. Geo. Conquest, Herbert Campbell, Geo. Conquest, jun., Henry Nicholls, Vincent; Mdles. Dr. Maurier, Victor, Denvil, Sisters Claremont, &c. A Wondrous FightScene, by Mr. George Conquest and Son, introducing new Jumps, Leaps, Dives, &c. Harlequinade.—Acting Manager, Mr. Alphonse Roques.

MISS VIOLA DACRE (late Theatre Royal, Brighton). Theatre Royal Norwich, February 19th, for Twelve Nights. Specially engaged by H. W. Pitt, Esq., for Tour. All letters addressed to "Holly Mount," West Hill, Wandsworth.

EVANS'S

MUSIC AND SUPPER ROOMS, COVENT GARDEN.

OLD ENGLISH, SCOTCH, IRISH, AND WELSH GLEES, AND CHORUSES,

By EVANS'S CELEBRATED CHOIR OF BOYS (under the direction of Mr. F. JONGHMANS), and the best available Comic Talent. OPEN AT EIGHT.

Admission, One Shilling. Private Boxes, One Guinea.

A SUPPER ROOM FOR LADIES NOW OPEN.

Proprietor J. BARNES-AMOR.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, HOXTON.—Sole

Proprietress, Mrs. S. Lane.—Every Evening, (Wednesday excepted) at 6.30, HEARTSEASE, by J. Mortimer, Esq., Messrs. Reynolds, Newbound, Drayton, Rhoads, Reeve, Mdles. Adams, Bellair, Brewer. Followed (Every Evening) at 8.30 by the Pantomime of TURLUTU; or, THE THREE ENCHANTED HATS. Mrs. S. Lane, Miss Pollie Randall. Messrs. Bigwood, Lewis. Mdles. Summers, Rayner, Mrs. Newham. Harlequinade by the Lupino Troupe. Wednesday Miss Pollie Randall's Benefit.

EGYPTIAN LARGE HALL (England's home of mystery), Piccadilly.—Messrs. MASKELYNE and COOKE's novel and original ILLUSORY ENTERTAINMENT, daily at three and eight o'clock. Added to the programme is the wonderful performance of Herr Schalkenbach on his orchestre militaire electromoteur. Admission 5s.,

NEW FIRST PART.

M R. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT, TWO FOSTER BROTHERS, by Gilbert A'Becket, music by A. Cellier. After which, a new musical sketch by Mr. Corney Grain, entitled SPRING'S DELIGHTS, and A NIGHT SURPRISE, by W. Cromer; Music by German Reed. Mrs. German Reed, Miss Fanny Holland, Miss Leonora Braham, Mr. Corney Grain, Mr. A. Law, and Mr. Alfred Reed. Every Evening, except Thursday and Saturday, at 8; morning representations every Thursday and Saturday at 3. Admission, 1s. 2s.; Stalls, 3s. and 5s. Can be secured in advance, without fee.

ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LANGHAM-PLACE, OXFORD-CIRCUS.

JEWELLERY.

ENGLISH LEVER WATCHES.

M R. STREETER, London, W. The only house in England for standard 18-carat Gold Jewellery. Prices £1 to £1,000. Illustrated Catalogue of Jewellery and Keyless Watches of Mr. STREETER, 18, NEW BOND-STREET.

SHORTLY WILL BE READY,
P RECIOUS STONES AND GEMS,
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS OF
GEMS IN THEIR ROUGH OR NATIVE STATE.
By EDWIN W. STREETER.
CHAPMAN AND HALL, PICCADILLY, LONDON.

THE ILLUSTRATED
Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1877.

CIRCULAR NOTES.

MR. MICHAEL BYRNES has published a poem to which he has given the title of "The Boat Race: a Reminiscence." In reference to this timely production, he says:—

Let those who peruse
Do just what they choose:
Praise it or scoff at it,
Smile on, or laugh at it—
But don't let me know
Which favour you show;
For whatever my lot,
I'm afraid that I'm not—
Since all I've been seeing—
A rational being!

An author who reviews himself in this self-abnegatory manner cannot gracefully take umbrage if we join issue with him on the score of his irrationality. He may suffer from that "pride which apes humility;" but sincere or not in his prefatory note, he cannot well complain if the doubting reader satisfy his scruples by a hasty perusal of the first page, and thereupon refuse to proceed further. The author's ideas of rhyme and rhythm are somewhat arbitrary, although it must be admitted that such couplets as—

And Putney was flaunting
The stock of its bunting;

and—

Oh, could you, in short, take
From Putney to Mortlake
To say nothing of—

And oh, how their hope works
On reaching the Soap Works!

might pass unchallenged in such a hurry-scurry description of the struggle as Mr. Byrnes is responsible for. After all, snappers-up of unconsidered trifles in the way of boat-race literature might expend sixpence less profitably than in the purchase of "The Boat-Race."

BEAUTEOUS actors of the Young England School—an Academy especially devoted to the cultivation of curls and cuff-shooting—are quite too awfully sweet and fascinating you know to be suffered to absent themselves from the stalls of a West End theatre on the occasion of a morning performance of an old-fashioned drama. The conspicuously audible criticism of the darlings is so refreshing. Their aristocratic guffaws are so full of tone. There is, in fact, a serenely abiding Beefsteak-and-onionish flavour about their every utterance, which only those personages who habitually move in the Hupper Suckles of Society are fortunate enough to inhale. And then—"think of this, Master Brook!"—it is only at morning performances that one has the opportunity of hearing a real gentleman "guy" the professors of an art by which, thanks to the coddling of a complacent public, he gets his living. No, no, dears, don't stop away. We couldnt' a bear it, could we, Betsy Prig?

ONE kneels with implicit confidence at the feet of the Gamaliel who solves social questions for the satisfaction of the readers of the *Echo*, but that confidence is lost in a feeling of profound adoration when the problem under examination concerns the eating or drinking habits of—the people. If Mr. Cowen, or Mr. Chamberlain, or Sir Wilfrid Lawson would only consult the oracle of the journal in question means might be at once devised for either closing or rendering pastorally innocuous every hotel, tavern, beerhouse and shebeen in the land. As it is, the trinity of reformers of the tap serenely ignore the counsel of their mighty monitor, and the dire consequences likely to come of their strange indifference it would be impossible to shadow forth. Readers of the article on Mr. Chamberlain's resolution, who succeed in absorbing a dozen or twenty lines of it ought to go on. If they find themselves unable to struggle completely through, they may at any rate stop where we do. By doing so the prescience of the writer will be made most vividly apparent. He says: "We cannot make a man religious or moral by Act of Parliament, but we can refuse to his eye and to his appetite the temptation of drink at every street corner, and we believe that the people have just the same right, if they choose to claim the right, to supply beer as to supply water. We have never yet thought out in England the hundred purposes to which our municipal organisation and credit may be applied." In them we have A FORM OF PUBLIC

and t is Mr. Chamberlain's desire to pre-

sent that form to the people of Birmingham; but, arguing from the fact that the *Echo* sympathises with him, we see little hope of his immediate or remote success.

WRITES the political oracle of the same journal—"The days of Grace are swiftly becoming days of the Past." It is heartless on the part of the moralist to bring the fact before us in the month of March. It will be some weeks ere we cross the damp threshold of the cricket season.

THE London Financial Association has purchased the Alexandra Palace for the sum of £480,000, viz., £372,000 for the building and park, and £18,000 for certain land not included in the main purchase, and will make a strenuous effort to re-open on Easter Monday. There can be no reasonable doubt, we should think, of the eventual success of the Alexandra Palace. With such thickly populated neighbourhoods to depend on as those immediately east and north of the metropolis, there ought to be no lack of regular patrons of the show. Hitherto the great drawback to the Palace has been literally, an absence of sufficiently convenient and frequent means of reaching it. From Temple Bar, Muswell Hill ought to be fully as easy of access as Sydenham; but it is not. Of course, the new management will be inundated with novel ideas wherewith to furnish the programme for the forthcoming season, and, equally of course they will "gang their ain gate." We have but one suggestion to make, and it is this, that the auditorium of the theatre be so altered that actors may speak and listeners hear with something like comfort. Mr. Sothern pronounced the theatre the worst he had ever performed in. "He had to stand on the footlights and howl." The Edmonton justices have unanimously granted a renewal of the spirit and theatrical licenses to the Palace.

WITH the fear of the copyrightious husband of Miss Annie Adams before our eyes, we mention *The Two Obadiah's* "with 'bated breath and whispering humbleness." For aught we know to the contrary, the notes of that admonitory ditty have already been inscribed upon a crack cross-examiner's brief. Still, we should like it be known that a melodious friend of ours who, in his day has accomplished adroit feats of annexation, is open to wager (under favour of the police) that every stave of *The Two Obadiah's* is an old friend with an easily identifiable face. Not that such a trivial fact would matter much to a gentleman like the copyrightious husband of Miss Annie Adams. He knows quite well that when Beethoven Brown, the composer of *Come where my love lies Sneezing*, takes a stave from *Home, Sweet Home*, and another from Mr. Simpkins Lived at Leeds, and a third from *The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington*, and a fourth from *Will Watch the Bold Smuggler*, he has only to mix according to taste, dilute with a few inches of words, affix thereto some such label as *Never Buy An Egg Till You've Seen Inside the Shell*, and the hotch-potch is his copyright, to have and to hold for ever and a day. The other day *My Pretty Louise*, *Passing the Time Away*, *Sitting by the Fireside*, and *I can't Make it Out, Can You?* were brought before Mr. Brandon, Assistant Judge of the Lord Mayor's Court and collectively fined. What an Afternoon! will, we are informed, presently engage the attention of one of the superior courts. The hearing of the case is expected to last a considerable time. On its conclusion the vexed question of the copyright of the National Anthem will be tried before the Chief Commissioner in Lunacy and a special jury of Music-Hall howlers at Colney Hatch.

SHAKSPEARE's chair, to which we last week referred, was purchased by Mr. George Godwin, editor of *The Builder*, as an addition to his interesting collection of historic chairs, which is now, perhaps, the finest in Europe.

ALFRED and Leonara are content. Nobody was admitted to their tuthtunting performance without a voucher. Several exalted personages tried to pass the check-takers, but they were summarily handed over to the police. Alfred and Leonara are not the only artists who have from the summits of serene Tyburnia ignored the humble ladder which helped them there, but it is due to them to say that if Alfred had been *Jeames de la Pluche*, and Leonara *Mary Hann of Buckley-square*, their manifest scorn of a voucher-less public could not have been more complete. The pit and gallery were closed. Open and filled by a title-less herd, Alfred and Leonara would have fainted outright. As it was

Her very first draught of *Gaiety* air
Was not the common chameleon fare
Of plebeian lungs and noses,—
No—her earliest sniff
Was a satisfied whiff
Of the genuine Otto of Roses.

THE MILITARY AT SANDOWN.

THE gathering of aristocratic company, headed by the Prince of Wales, which did honour to the Grand Military and Household meeting last week, at Sandown, is elsewhere chronicled in full, and we may leave Mr. Sturgess's drawing to speak for itself in the incident it chronicles. We are sorry to say Mr. Irwin, of the 20th Hussars, was seriously hurt at the brook, his horse jumped too far, and had a serious fall. The Prince, who had gone down to see the jumping, insisted on Mr. Irwin being carried to his own carriage and sent home to London.

THE CITY DRAMATIC CLUB, assisted by two or three professional ladies and gentlemen, recently gave an entertainment at St. George's Hall, Langham-place, for the benefit of the Caledonian Asylum. The performances began with the well-known farce of *Box and Cox*, and concluded with Shakspeare's *Romeo and Juliet*. Romeo was played by Mr. Walter Leslie, under whose management the performances were given, Juliet by Miss Florence Wade. Friar Laurence was rendered by Mr. Stanley Garland. Miss Wade, who recently played small parts at the Aquarium Theatre, displayed considerable talent; and it is not too much to say that with more experience she is likely to assume a prominent place in her profession. As a whole, the performance was very satisfactory to a numerous and fashionable audience.

STREET MUNTEBANKS IN JAPAN.

IN human life the resemblances are far more real than the differences, and even where the costumes, the country, the people, their manners, customs, and nearly all the surroundings are most strangely new, the familiar common-place things of far-away home constantly crop up to show how superficial outer seemings are, that humanity, under all its varied phases of race and country, differs in reality to little or no extent. A *Punch and Judy* delights our street boys and girls in London in much the same way as Mountebanks in Japan do the street children of our artist's drawing, and the grotesque giant whose floating drapery conceals the itinerant musician may be seen on our stages at pantomime time exactly as it is here seen. *Wood* enters largely into the construction of all Japanese dwellings, as our artist shows. They consist merely of a ground floor and top story, the front and basement being removable, so that, excepting the posts supporting the first floor, the lower portion is entirely open to air and light. Usually the front panels only are removed, and the back panels, formed of a light, graceful wood framework, covered with translucent paper, are left to screen the cooking departments and back premises. A house thus opened is seen to the right of our engraving.

The Japanese—men, women, and children—wear an expression of happiness and content, and for strangers they usually have a kindly, good-natured greeting, despite their wonder at the curious clothes they wear and the strange tongue in which they speak. The women of Japan are not cooped up in pestiferous apartments, but are free to roam abroad and enjoy such homely delights as the strolling mountebanks afford; and they do it heartily, as our artist shows. They are very simple and free in their manners; indeed, startlingly so occasionally. It is no strange sight to see a girl enjoying her bath-tub in public, and no one native to the place stares or wonders therat. The air is warm; the necessity for cleanliness places it next to Godliness; why should they be ashamed to wash simply because they are women? What men do without scruple women may do without shame. But we must stop, for we are leaving the mountebanks and occupying undue space.

SKETCHES AT A THEATRE.

FAMOUS sketching ground for the artist is a theatre at night when the curtain is up and the audience assembled. No matter what may be the subjects he is seeking or the peculiarities of his treatment, there his pencil is sure to find matter enough. Pretty women charmingly dressed, beautiful children in ecstasies of delight, languid swells artificially acting their artificial parts, as if to falsify, if possible, the mirror which reflects life on the stage—all ages, both sexes, and all kinds and conditions of men and women are moved by one common impulse, stirred by common feelings as the drama reaches "The Culminating Point." Character abounds. Here is a pair of wearied workers, to whom a visit to the play is a novel rarity, long to be remembered as an oasis brightening a choice evening in a wide, dull, desert round of daily work. A chance which comes just now and then when "paper" can be got. Here is one who seeks the play to kill an idle hour so often that he is weary of it, one who stagnates for want of work, wearies of all kinds of pleasure, and finds it too much trouble to smile when all around can do nothing but laugh. And then, brightest phase of all, there are the little darlings who are doing that first night at a play which is so seldom forgotten, the effect of which is so forcibly and deeply impressed on the fresh fair page of their imaginations and memory. The delightful young lady who takes an interest in the real personages of the stage, to whom Iago is not Iago but Mr. Forrester, and whose first question is "Who's in the cast?" is as regular a feature at the theatre, as is the dreamy absent face of the fair one who sits back in the shadow of the curtain, and, bodily present, in mind is far away with one who should be by her side, to share the tender thoughts and feelings awakened by the play, and yet is not. But the curtain comes down, the carriages are drawing up, the play is over, and our artist must put up his sketch-book, as we put aside its companion note-book with sketches at the theatre.

INTER-HOSPITAL CHALLENGE CUP—GUY'S v. ST. THOMAS'S.

THE final match for the Hospitals Challenge Cup, won in 1876 by St. George's, took place on Thursday last at Kennington Oval, and, although St. Thomas's played very pluckily, Guy's secured the victory by six touches-down to one, no goal being obtained by either side. Gray, the captain of Guy's, unfortunately dislocated his collar-bone soon after half time, and had to look on for the remainder of the match. The players were as follows:—Guy's.—W. G. Gray (captain) and A. H. Jackson (half-backs), A. W. Pearson and E. Penny (backs), L. Stokes (three-quarter-back), J. C. Keer, J. Boswell, J. A. Fraser, H. Liddell, R. Stanley-Gordon, J. Rees, G. R. Veitch, D. D. Roberts, F. J. Wilkinson, and C. Pink. St. Thomas's.—H. B. Leatham (captain) and H. P. Butler (backs), E. F. White and A. C. Wallace (three-quarter-backs), J. P. Jeffreys and L. Maybury (quarter-backs), S. A. Crick, F. N. Heygate, L. Houghton, J. R. Lunn, W. W. Groome, H. Wood, H. Prangley, and W. F. Price.

A DIFFICULT PASSAGE.

OUR artist's story is well told. The elderly musician in his meanly furnished garret home has newly returned from rehearsal, and is earnestly tackling that difficult passage in which he hopes not to be found wanting at night. The watch hung up beside his meagre couch to catch the eye, at the corner of a print of some popular danseuse, of whom the poor solitary old enthusiast may, perchance, cherish tender memories—such things have been—is evidence of his anxiety to be prompt and correct in business, and incidentally suggests his fear of being so absorbed in the task before him, as to forget the time at which he should take his place in the orchestra. He pauses in his efforts, to peer thoughtfully at the notes which are so difficult in execution, and anon will make another and another, and if needs be, yet many other efforts to perform, to his own satisfaction, that same "Difficult Passage."

AN EASY SHOT.

OUR engraving represents an incident of a day's shooting in the mountain woods of Bavaria. The skilful and experienced sportsman has stolen cautiously up to where on the bough of a tall fir tree overlooking a deep ravine, the fine bird he has so successfully approached suddenly suspects something wrong. It is an easy shot, but the edge of the ravine on which the tree grows is too precipitous to be descended, and this thought gives our sportsman pause, for he wants not only the satisfaction of an easy shot but his game. So he resists temptation and waits.

A Tournament Club has been formed by some ardent admirers of chivalric sports. It aims at the revival of tournaments, falconry, tilting at the ring, &c.; and from the number of noblemen and gentlemen supporting the idea, we think it may be a great success.

JOHN LISTON.

By A. H. W.

There is one face of Farley, one face of Knight, one—but what a one it is!—of Liston.—*Charles Lamb.*

THE picturesque little village of Charing, standing on a pleasant green slope above the River Thames, with its surrounding meadows and fields, rustic lanes, hedgerows, and fine groups of mighty old trees, changed sadly for the worse before it became what the late Sir Robert Peel called “the finest site in Europe,” in other words, Trafalgar-square. Going back to the end of the last century we find it a squalid, dirty, most disreputable neighbourhood, chiefly remarkable as that in which the King’s Mews stands. And the Royal Mews, on the northern side of what is now the square, had been standing there since the days of deadly strife between York and Lancaster, with which it had historic associations; ever since the far-away old days when Chaucer the poet was “Clerk of the Mews at Charing.”

To reach this said ancient and royal mews, we pass through dirty lanes and narrow streets, by houses in every stage of dilapidation and neglect, until where now stands the National Gallery and “pepper castors,” we come upon a long, gloomy-looking, dingy, brick wall, intersected here and there by dingier old houses, in the largest of which resides Mr. Pollock, the king’s saddler, whose son is destined to become an eminent lawyer, and figure prominently in times whereof we wot, as Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer.

Nearly in the middle of this lofty wall we come upon a stately stone gateway opening into the spacious yard in which the royal stud is exercised. The gates of the Mews are closed at night, but as they are now open we pass under the archway, and use this yard—as people commonly do—by way of a short cut into Castle Street, which is a miserable little thoroughfare, where dirt and neglect abound in all their worst phases. And there we find the place we have come so far back to seek.

It is a famous old grammar school, which was founded in the seventeenth century by Archbishop Tenison when he was vicar of this parish, in which, fast going to decay, rests amidst dust and damp, nibbled by mice and intersected by maggots, accumulated stores of learning and curious information which would enrich the finest library in Europe. The shabby dilapidated old building has an air of neglect perfectly in keeping with that of the neighbourhood surrounding it, and its scholars are evidently sons of the coarse, rude, poverty-stricken population belonging thereto. The Principal is a curate of St. Martins-in-the-Fields, a reverend gentleman whose name we never read or have forgotten; and his assistant—who does all the work of the school and finds it far more than enough—bears a name which we have often read and are not at all likely to forget, a name prominent in the dramatic records of the nineteenth century—John Liston’s.

John is an odd-looking fellow, whose face is in itself a joke, tall, sturdy, and plump of limb, the son of another John, very well known amongst the sporting fraternity, who has reduced himself



MR. JOHN LISTON—(From a Contemporary Print.)

to the depths of extreme poverty by an unfortunate mania for gambling. John, junior, was born in 1777, in Soho, and educated in the Soho school, where Dr. Barrow used to laugh at the singular looking lad’s comical ways, and praise his quiet gentle manners. John the younger took the post of assistant master to the Grammar School in 1799, and on this morning, in 1800, we find him in a state of great excitement, of which the entire school partakes. The head master is a stern disciplinarian of a cruel and merciless disposition. Howls of fear and screams of anguish echo amongst the dusty old beams of the

squalid school-room every day and all day long. Indignant parents are constantly creating disturbances at the door, protesting, in no very choice language, against the savage punishments inflicted upon their sons, and threatening dire vengeance, despite the neighbouring stocks and whipping post in St. Martin’s Lane, or the famous old Round House close by. Young Liston, too long the quiet, unwilling witness of this state of things, has protested against them in a manly but modest way. The reverend gentleman has indignantly and hotly retorted with very strong language and some coarse insults. John, flushed and angry, stands with clenched fists before his Principal. Words end in blows, and there are the two masters, to the intense delight of their scholars, hitting out at each other in capital style. John is strong but not scientific. The clergyman being both rapidly getting the best of it. The boys suddenly remember that the bruised and bleeding young fellow whose spouting of Shakespeare, Rowe, and Otway has so often amused them, is their champion. They have been fast ripening for revolution, and now the crisis has come. A terrific shower of books, slates, inkstands, and heavy wooden “rulers” comes into rude collision with the clergyman’s head and body. He staggers and gasps, and Liston, half blinded with blows, pauses to look round him in blank amazement. The howling and yelling boys are wild with rage, and the master is in their midst, torn at and struck at with vicious fury by scores of savage hands, but more enraged than ever. He plants his blows right and left with wonderful dexterity and rapidity, being a famous bruiser, but all in vain—one boy’s overturn only enables another desperate victim to scramble over him, and the matter is becoming serious for the principal, when some of the crowd whom the din has assembled outside rush in, just in time to rescue the exhausted minister from the furious rage of his pupils.

“The scandal of this unseemly brawl,” says the Rev. J. Richardson in his *Recollections*, “was to great for the parish to tolerate.” The school was for a time closed. Liston returned no more to his academic duties. He commenced the courtship of Thalia from the date of his dismissal, and became, as everybody knows, the most favoured of her suitors.

Amongst John’s dearest friends was a lanky young fellow called a living skeleton, with a phiz even more comical than his own, one Charles, the stage-struck son of a bookseller in the Strand, named Mathews. Charles was just one year older than John, and he happened to have struck up an acquaintanceship with another stage-struck young fellow named Robert Elliston, at a time when the said Robert was getting up a tragedy, *The Distress Mother*, in his back room over the first floor of a pastry cook’s in the Strand. These three eager aspirants for dramatic honors joined their forces, and at length contrived to get on friendly terms with rare old Macklin, “the Jew that Shakespeare drew,” in one of the actor’s taverns of that day. Charles Mathews obtained the great man’s recommendation to a Dublin manager, by whom he was engaged. Aided in a similar way either by friend Charles or by some other member of the histrionic profession, Liston afterwards



STREET MUNTEBANKS IN JAPAN.

also succeeded in getting his first regular engagement at the Dublin Theatre, where the parts he assumed were, says Oxberry, unimportant and quite unnoticed. From this situation he emerged to the brighter prospect of an engagement with a famous country manager, the great Stephen Kemble, he who played Falstaff without padding. So far, Liston's ambition had been to excel in tragedy, and all his vain efforts had gone in that direction. Failure had made him a melancholy man, and he was almost in utter despair when Stephen proposed that he should try in another line, that of "second old men." Liston took his advice, but without success. It was at Newcastle-on-Tyne that he discovered the real bent of his genius, and made his first hit in a low comedy part. In this town he first achieved popularity, began to assume consequence, dressed with care, grew hopeful, and worked harder than ever. There too it was that Charles Kemble, visiting his brother Stephen, saw him act and warmly praised him. At last he became so confident that, after due thought, he decided that he would ask for an increase of salary.

"Sir," replied Stephen Kemble, "if you are dissatisfied, you are welcome to leave me; such actors as you, sir, are to be found in every bush."

The disappointment was a bitter one, deeply felt. At the close of that day Stephen and his company were on the road with all their properties, costumes, and scenery duly packed. Liston had disappeared. Kemble, who knew the melancholy and sensitive temperament of the man, was uneasy. In the quiet and solitude of the evening a figure suddenly arose before him in the hedge.

"Good heavens, Liston," cried the manager, "what are you doing there?"

"Looking for some of the actors you told me of this morning," said Liston lugubriously.

The ponderous manager of the old Newcastle Theatre laughed at the poor jest, for, as Oxberry tells us, he was a good-natured laughter-loving, whimsical, but warm-hearted man, and moreover a player who had himself tasted the bitterness of failure. The Londoners had roared with laughter when, as Hamlet, he pronounced the line:

Oh! that this too, too solid flesh would melt.

And the caricaturists had made pictures of the joke, which figured in every London print shop; and they would not have his *Othello* at any price. His vast size was to his tragic efforts what Liston's extraordinary face was to his. When as Job Thornberry, Stephen, in that famous scene with John Burr threw down the waistcoat, tears trickled along the hypocritically blown noses of the Newcastle playgoers. But when Job tried in vain to pick that waistcoat up again, the throe of grief was instantaneously converted into a roar of laughter, and all the inspiration of the actor in an instant had flown.

coaly Tyne, was still fresh, and very tender to the mental touch.

And as the solemn twilight deepened about them, we can imagine how the poor lover grew silent and communed with sad thoughts, thinking how thickly the shadows of failure and disappointment were gathering about his life, and how little hope there was of a brighter dawn for his unlucky fortunes. So he plodded on into the night beside Stephen Kemble's histrionic wagon, little dreaming of the beauty and love, fame and wealth, and domestic blessings which await him in the glorious sunshine of approaching day;

plodded on into the darkness which must hide him awhile from our sight.

(To be continued.)

ST. LIZ.

EFFORTS in the direction of improving our breed of horses throughout the country have received all praise and encouragement at our hands, and it is not long since that we had an opportunity of directing public attention to the efforts being made in the Cleveland district to secure a first class sire for half breeds in that important locality. We rejoice to see that so good an example has not been thrown away; and in our present number we have depicted the first, and we sincerely hope it may not be the last, of a series of sires ranking next in importance to our "Fathers of the English Stud." We only wish we had among us more public spirited men like Mr. Chaplin, possessing not only the will but the power to confer great benefits on the county in which they reside, by encouraging the breeding of horses among tenant farmers in the district. A fine field for this kind of enterprise is open in the fen country, where there are vast tracts of land specially adapted for the rearing of young

stock, but unfortunately for some years past these natural capabilities have been sadly neglected, and it is solely owing to the efforts of a few men of energy and ability that the fact is being brought home to the farmers that it would pay them well to own a few eligible brood mares, with the chance of a good horse standing within easy reach, or making his home in the midst of them. Mr. Edwards, of Holbeach, has been the prime mover in this good work, and fully deserves all



HUNTSMEN ATTACKING A TWO-HORNED RHINOCEROS.

And so once more poor John Liston and Stephen Kemble jogged along together. It was in Newcastle that the poor player met with another even more terrible disappointment. Stephen Kemble had a pretty daughter named Fanny, with whom Liston fell in love. When the first hope of prosperity gave him courage, John offered his hand and heart to this young lady and was rejected. He said little, but the blow was a severe one, and the wound, as he looked back that evening on the famous town by the



THE BLANKNEY STUD HORSE "ST. LIZ."

the encouragement he can receive from those interested in promoting so interesting a branch of industry. The idea first struck him that a steeplechase meeting would be likely to stir up farmers in the neighbourhood, and to give them a taste for cultivating horse flesh as well as cereals. Soon this happy thought was supplanted by another, and a horse show in connection with the race meeting was announced, which was taken very kindly to for a first attempt, and these measures appear to have had the desired effect of importing into the fen country the seeds of a great movement in connection with horse breeding. Mr. Edwards, of course, found difficulties in the way at first; the bucolic mind being difficult to move, and the suggestion of keeping a few useful mares with the certainty of obtaining the services of a really high-class horse being looked upon with the suspicion not unfrequently attaching to new ventures in out of the way places. However, there is now a fair chance of prejudices being overcome, and of the good work proceeding, a little experience having opened the eyes of farmers to the fact that it must be worth their while to breed a few good horses, if not for their own agricultural purposes, for sale at three or four years old, as hunters or traps. Hitherto, a good stallion has been their real difficulty, the wretched creatures which travelled the country being practically worthless, three-cornered brutes, without any pretensions to action or shape, the offspring of infirm ancestors, and objectionable in every respect for the purposes for which they were required. To further the scheme proposed and subsequently carried out by Messrs. Edwards and Abbott, Mr. Chaplin first very kindly lent, and subsequently most generously presented, St. Liz to those gentlemen, who gladly undertook him, feeling that no better horse for their purpose could be found, both on the score of looks and breeding, than the subject of our notice. For a stallion in country districts, where "Stud Book" alliances are seldom forthcoming, something more is required than good blood and racing ability. The candidate for favour among owners of half-breds must have plenty of bone and substance, and the action necessary to ensure safety in harness or cross-country work. St. Liz combines all those requisites, and most of our readers will remember him as a very strong useful horse on the flat, with plenty of speed, and excelling in muscular development. He is quite the right horse in the right place for Mr. Edwards's purpose; but just to show to what absurd lengths caprice will lead mortals, it was found at first that the owners of brood mares objected to use St. Liz because of his *outré* Melbourne ears, just as if these useful appendages were of any service in controlling his movements. For ourselves, we have always connected these lop ears with something especially hard and honest in a horse, and have appreciated them as conferring *character* on their possessor, which invariably stamps sires of distinction. St. Liz is none of your dandy, drawing-room, band-box style of horse, with a "pint pot" head, and, as they say, "fine quality throughout"; but he is more of the rough and ready sort, and perfectly cut out for his work in the fen country, where it is to be hoped he will be well patronised. All the earnings of the horse during the season will go towards the formation of a prize fund for his stock, so that in reality subscribers will have an excellent chance of seeing their money back, and not one shilling of the profits will go into the pocket of Mr. Edwards or his fellow workers. This is a notion which might very well be taken up and adopted in other places, at any rate at starting; and we commend it to the consideration of the many who have at heart the improvement of our breed of horses throughout the kingdom. There must be many such horses as St. Liz, left upon their owners' hands at the termination of their racing careers, practically useless for thoroughbred stud purposes, but possessing all the elements of success in a sphere such as we have indicated, where disinterested gentlemen, like Mr. Edwards, can be found to put matters in train for carrying out so patriotic a scheme. As matters stand now, such horses as St. Liz are perfect drags upon the market, and, to illustrate this, we may state that only last week at Middle Park, Mr. Blenkiron opened the box-doors of half a dozen as likely country candidates as any one would wish to see, but which were eating the corn of idleness, apparently without prospect of employment. For performances and description of St. Liz we cannot do better than refer our readers to the accompanying sketch, from the able pen of the "Special Commissioner" of the *Sportsman*, which we give *verbatim*:

"St. Liz was a speedy horse on the turf. He took three good races for Mr. Chaplin as a three-year-old, and won him the St. Liz handicap at Northampton in the following season. St. Liz is by Y. Melbourne, from Infanta, by Orlando, from M'Mie, by Jerry, out of Fauchon, by Lapdog. This horse has recently been presented by Mr. Chaplin to Mr. Edwards, of Holbeach, Lincolnshire, for the avowed purpose of endeavouring to improve the breed of horses in the Fen country; and as all the profits derived from his services will be devoted to a prize fund for his stock, it is to be hoped that the farmers in the district where he stands for the season will purchase some strong and cleverly-shaped thoroughbred mares to mate with him. He is a good bay, without white, except a patch on one heel and a star on his face. He stands fully 16 hands, with a wonderfully strong back and loins, and shows plenty of bone, with great depth of body and immense muscular development in his quarters, thighs, and gaskins. Although his 'Melbourne' ears detract a little from his beauty, he has a capital head and neck, with powerful and well-placed shoulders, long and muscular fore-arms, and strong, well-formed fore-legs. But for having given way slightly in a backsine, St. Liz would have retired from the Turf as free from blemish as on the day he made his *début* on a race course, and he is perfectly free from any constitutional infirmity. His dam was a speedy mare on the Turf, and being a grand-daughter of Touchstone, while the horse himself is a grandson of famous old Melbourne, he combines two of the stoutest and best strains of blood in the 'Stud Book.' Last season St. Liz secured twenty half-bred mares, and they are all supposed to be in foal. He is now advertised to serve thoroughbreds at seven guineas, and half-breds at only three guineas, so that the fen farmers have now a chance afforded them of breeding either hunters or racehorses at a very small outlay, if they will only open their purses and secure some good mares. With a liberal system of feeding their foals and yearlings, farmers in other districts besides Lincolnshire would find the production of thoroughbred horses far more remunerative than grazing or breeding cart horses, for the reason that purely-bred horse stock can be sold at a little over a year old; and, as we all know, it is not at all uncommon for thoroughbred yearlings to sell for 1,000 guineas, or over that amount. Mr. Taylor Sharpe, an extensive farmer, of Baumber Park, near Hornastle, in Lincolnshire, sold a yearling colt at Doncaster, last September, for 1,500 guineas. His name was Dunedin, and being out of a Melbourne mare, he was a 'cousin' to St. Liz. Prices like these would occasionally pay the rent of a good farm of from 500 to 800 acres; but if the 'fen-men' could only realise an average of 100 guineas each for their yearlings, it would pay them better than producing beef and mutton, more particularly as the days of high prices for meat appear to be doomed."

WORMS IN PET DOGS.—"Dingwall, April 17, 1873.—I gave one quarter of a 'Naldire's Powder' to my little terrier, and in ten minutes the dog emitted an immense quantity of Worms. This was three weeks ago, and I have seen no symptom of Worms since.—C. J. Munro." Naldire's Powders are sold by all chemists, and by BARCLAY & SONS, 95, Farringdon Street, London.—[Advt.]

MUSIC.

(All Music sent for review will be noticed within one month after its arrival.)

THE JOACHIM FESTIVITY AT CAMBRIDGE.

THE University of Cambridge did honour to itself on Thursday week, when it conferred the degree of Doctor of Music on the great violinist, Joseph Joachim. His claims to the distinction are universally admitted, and his popularity among all classes of musical society was attested by the enthusiastic reception accorded him when he took his degree in the Senate House, when he made his appearance a few hours later at the concert given in the Cambridge Guildhall by the Cambridge University Amateur Musical Society, and when the newly-made doctor reappeared on Saturday last on the scene of his familiar triumphs at St. James's Hall. It may be, and very probably is true, that there are other living musicians as fully entitled to distinction as Joachim, and possibly he may, as executant, be equalled by Piatti, and as composer by Verdi; but his admirers have nothing to do with the merits of other musicians, who still await recognition from Cambridge or Oxford; it is sufficient for them to know that, so far as the merits of their idol are concerned, there can be no possibility of doubt.

The proceedings in the Senate House have been abundantly described, but one incident has been slightly misrepresented. It has been recorded as an instance of unmannerly behaviour that an undergraduate threw a penny piece at the public orator while he was declaiming his well-written Latin speech. The penny was not "thrown." The orator, as usual, held his cap in his hand, while delivering his address, and as he turned from side to side he occasionally extended his arm in oratorical fashion. At these moments his gesture suggested that charity was being solicited, and that the empty cap was presented for the reception of benefactions. An ingenious undergraduate—to whom specie was a minor consideration when glory was to be won—having waited till the orator was almost immediately below him, contrived to drop a penny into the proffered cap, with the benevolent remark, "There, old boy; there's a penny to begin with!" Orator, senators, duns, and hidalgos, all joined in the laugh which followed the innocent joke.

Cambridge behaved nobly. The weather arrangements were admirably contrived. A brilliant sun shone in an almost cloudless sky, but the temperature was judiciously lowered, so that exercise was enjoyable. The London visitors numbered more than a hundred, most of them distinguished in art or literature, but a few others so emphatically *undistinguished* that one felt inclined to say of them, as of the fly in amber,

The thing we must confess is wondrous rare,
But wonder how the d—l got there?

The London visitors were overwhelmed with kindness. Courteous collegians became *ciceroni*; the traditional glories of the noble colleges were unfolded; libraries and museums were thrown open; and sight-seeing was practised with a perseverance which would have been impracticable, but for the low temperature so thoughtfully arranged by the committee of the C.U.A.M. Society. In the afternoon there were the races of the College boats on the Cam; and such of the visitors as survived the Homeric lunches to which they had been exposed, found their way to the banks of the classic stream. The banks were brilliant with pretty faces and bewitching costumes, the river was alive with boat-loads of handsome lads, sparkling with fun and excitement. The rowing;—ah,—the rowing? A writer, who is so imperfectly acquainted with the technology of aquatic sport, that he is quite uncertain whether it is the rower who pulls the first oar, or he who pulls the last oar that is called "the gunwale," had best abstain from criticism on the rowing! But the music? There was plenty of that. Music in the ripple of the waters, in the rhythmical sound of the oars as they struck the padlocks, or bullocks, or whatever they are called, music in the merry voices of English maidens, music in the cheers of sympathising spectators, music in the crescendo of shouts that hailed the victors. In this eminently national symphony of sport, there was one little episode so characteristic as to deserve record. Just before the principal race of the day, several boats started on a short race with "scratch" crews. One boat got into difficulty, and all its inmates, save one, had a ducking. The fortunate youth was rescued by his brother, who jumped out of another boat, waded through the water (which was up to his middle), and brought the shipwrecked rower to the bank pick-a-back, and dry as a bone. It seems that the younger lad had been appointed coxswain in the boat of his college, and would have to fulfil his coxswainial duties half-an-hour later. A ducking might have rendered him incapable of doing justice to his college, and it was for the honour of their Alma Mater, rather than from purely fraternal motives, that the elder brother converted himself into a Royal Humane Society.

Musicians and musical *litterateurs* are, as a matter of fact, merely mortal men; and before the racing was over, many of the "distinguished London visitors," re-invigorated by the fresh air and exercise, were sighing for the flesh-pots of the various colleges to which they were invited. People became viciously hungry long before dinner-time; but when it did arrive, verily they had their reward. The learned and godly men who dwell in the Cambridge colleges, and are accustomed to "cultivate literature on a little oatmeal" (with peas and lentils for festive occasions), entertained their visitors right royally, and the Orpen-handed hospitality of ancient Pembroke will not be soon forgotten. The genial hosts were, all of them, members of the C.U.A.M. Society, and most of them participants in the choral performances which some of their guests had to criticise.

We are now dealing solely with the social characteristics of the Joachim festivities. The concert is elsewhere noticed, and it will be seen that the choral performances were excellent. Had they been otherwise, any other than "benevolent" criticism would have been hostile to the *lex non scripta* of hospitality. When Ulysses pokes out the eye of Polyphemus, who does not feel that in thus damaging the Cyclopean optic, after partaking of the Cyclop's "pot luck," the conduct of Ulysses is, to say the least of it, indelicate? Can Aristarchus examine with keen severity the concert programme of Lucullus, whose dinner menu has proved eminently satisfactory; and would not his critical gall be transmuted into milk and honey? On this occasion a juvenile critic (?!), whose "benevolence" had been profusely propitiated, and who had dined "not wisely, but too well," was heard to say: "Hang it all! Can't crissise fellers aft, puttin' your legs under their m'ogny. Crissism imprac'ble!" We coincide in the remark, whatever may be our opinion of the remarker.

The concert was a glorious climax to the day's festivities, and the C.U.A.M.S. covered itself with glory. A special train took almost all the Londoners back to town, but a select few found shelter under the ample wing of mine host Moyes, at the famous Bull Hotel. His pretty handmaidens ("Rebecca and Rowena") improvised sleeping accommodation for the unexpected guests; but sleep was "imprac'ble" until the day's excitement had been diluted by discussion of Joachim's overture and Brahms's symphony. The discussion expanded its boundaries, and ranged from speculations as to the number of strings on Jubal's lyre, down to the resolution of the mellifluous chord in Liszt's *Mazeppa*. Every one had his

theory, and thought all others absurd. Franciscus enunciated *dicta*, which were disputed by Henricus. Then Jacobus "sat upon" the disputants, pronouncing them both wrong, and himself the only possessor of the true faith. On one point, and on that alone, all were of one mind. It was unanimously agreed that, considering the quality of the recognition afforded to musical art in the person of Dr. Joachim, the excellence of the musical arrangements made by the Cambridge University Amateurs, their kind and genial hospitality, and the special interest attached to their 150th concert, all present would long retain pleasant recollections of the Joachim Festival at Cambridge.

THE CAMBRIDGE CONCERT.

THE C.U.A.M.S., by which array of capital letters we shall henceforth indicate "The Cambridge University Amateur Musical Society," is not a growth of yesterday, but has existed for more than thirty years, and has done good service to art, having first introduced to English musicians several important works, besides the novelties by Joachim and Brahms, produced at the 150th concert given last week. This concert was specially intended to do honour to the two last-named composers, on their receiving from the University of Cambridge their honorary degrees as Doctors of Music. Herr Brahms was unable or unwilling to visit Cambridge for the purpose of receiving his degree; but when he learned that his friend Joachim would do so, he composed a Symphony in honour of the occasion, and this work formed the entire second half of the concert under notice. Herr Joachim also furnished a new overture for the same occasion, and consented to play the Violin Concerto of Beethoven and a Violin Sonata by Bach. He also undertook the direction of the Brahms Symphony, and thus the concert became so identified with the name of the great violinist that, in conjunction with the interesting ceremony by which it was preceded, it may claim the title of a Joachim festival. The only other pieces in the programme, besides those already named, were Sterndale Bennett's "Wood Nymph" overture, and the "Schicksalslied" of Brahms. The band, ably led by Mr. Alfred Burnett, was of first-rate quality—including more than 50 of our best instrumentalists—and Mr. C. V. Stanford conducted skilfully. Bennett's delightful poetical overture was charmingly played; and its picturesque beauty was appreciated fully by the large and brilliant audience, amongst whom were a number of the most famous musicians and connoisseurs of the age. Then came the Violin Concerto of Beethoven, and when "Dr." Joachim made his appearance, a scene of remarkable excitement ensued. The choir, band, and audience sprang to their feet, and cheered again and again, until fairly unable to cheer any longer. The homage thus paid to Herr Joachim was more than justified by his magnificent performance of the concerto, and his own interpolated cadenza was a *tour de force* beyond the means of any but the most marvellous executants. After the excitement caused by the concerto had subsided, the choir sang with much refinement of style, and almost faultless intonation, the "Schicksalslied" or "Song of Destiny," by Brahms, a work which has already been criticised in our columns, and one which does not improve on acquaintance. Next came the Bach Sonata, in C major played (unaccompanied) by Joachim so superbly that an endeavour was made to obtain its repetition, and the first part of the concert concluded with Joachim's new "Elegiac Overture," written in honour of the poet patriot Kleist. The overture is in G minor, common time, "Allegro non troppo." So far as a first hearing may enable an opinion to be formed, there can be no hesitation in pronouncing this latest work of Joachim's to be a masterly composition. It is melodious throughout, is free from the eccentric extravagance which too often is substituted for genuine originality; and although its pathos is not intense, it appeals successfully to the sympathies of the listener. The orchestration is excellent, and presents many happy and unexpected turns, among which may be mentioned a charming violoncello passage near the close of the overture. At the conclusion Dr. Joachim was enthusiastically applauded.

The new C minor Symphony of Brahms will be heard in London at the next concert of the Philharmonic Society, and it is desirable to defer final criticism on so important a work until after a second hearing in public. Private rehearsals afford insufficient and unsatisfactory materials for the formation of opinion, and it seems to us that the only fair way in which to judge a new orchestral work is to hear it when played by the orchestra after they have become familiarised with the composition, and able to give it clear interpretation. It was well played at the Cambridge concert, and is undoubtedly a fine work. For the present, we cannot believe it will ever rank in the same category as the "Italian," the "Scotch," or the "Reformation" Symphony of Mendelssohn, to say nothing of Mendelssohn's great predecessors. It should, however, be in fairness remembered that it is the first attempt of Brahms in this direction, and this consideration not only dictates a kindly reception of the work, but suggests desirable possibilities in the future. The third movement, "allegretto," is charming, and the first movement is full of sound, well-made music. The second movement, "andante," though equally well written, is deficient in sentiment and in melody. The final movement is disfigured by some opening passages of melodramatic character, but concludes well. The Symphony will certainly enhance the reputation of the composer, whose early promise has not been followed by great results. Most of his principal works have been heard in this country, and their merits have been readily admitted, but we still wait for evidence that Brahms is a "great" composer. The epithet "great" is only applicable to composers who distinguish themselves by conspicuous superiority in at least one important department of composition. We are still waiting for a great oratorio or a great opera from Brahms, and not for a single work only, but for such manifestations of sustained and varied power as the really "great" composers displayed before they were so entitled. Calling a man "great" will not make him so, and much injury to art is caused by lazy people, who take reputation on trust, and join like parrots in proclaiming the greatness of authors of whose works they know very little. Nor will the reception of a Cambridge degree make Brahms a great composer, any more than the non-reception of that distinction by Verdi can render the latter other than a great composer. We are not yet prepared to admit that the C minor symphony of Brahms is a really great work; but granting it to be so, it must be followed by other and greater works before we can consent to place its author in the same rank with Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn, to say nothing of such contemporaries as Verdi and Gounod.

It only remains to be added that the arrangements made by the officers of the society were admirable, and that the proceeds of this most interesting concert will be devoted to Addenbrooke's Hospital—a deserving local charity.

ST. JOHN'S HOSPITAL FOR DISEASES OF THE SKIN, LEICESTER-SQUARE, W.C.—(Out-patients treated daily at 2; Wednesdays at 7.30 p.m., and on Thursdays at 9 a.m.) 371 in and out patients were under treatment during the week ending March 10, 1877.

CARDINAL, ECRU, AND TWENTY-FOUR OTHER COLOURS.—JUDSON'S DYES are most useful and effectual. Ribbons, Scarves, JACKETS, Table-covers, &c., &c., are easily dyed in ten minutes. Ask for JUDSON'S DYES, at Chemists and Stationers. Price Sixpence per bottle.—[Advt.]

THE DRAMA.

Of the re-opening on Saturday night of Drury-lane with Mr. Henry Spicer's new romantic drama *Haska*; the production for the first time in London, on the same evening, at the Park, of Messrs. Savile Clarke and Du Terreau's drama, *A Fight for Life*, and of a new first piece entitled *Two Foster Brothers*, brought out at the German Reed's entertainment on Monday evening, detailed notices are given hereafter.

On Saturday night, Mr. Charles Hengler closed a very successful season at the Cirque, in Argyll-street, which is to re-open tonight with a celebrated French company of equestrians, &c.; and the spectacular opera of *Biorn* terminated its career at the Queen's, after a run of forty consecutive representations. Before noting the few changes that have taken place in the programmes of some of the theatres during the week, it should be recorded that Mr. Byron's comedy, *Our Boys*, reached its 700th consecutive representation at the Vaudeville on Wednesday night, and still draws crowded audiences.

OPERA COMIQUE.—On Friday night *The Prompter's Box* was represented for the last time, in consequence of Mr. Byron's departure to fulfil provincial engagements, and was replaced on the following evening by a revival of another of the prolific author's comedies—*Partners for Life*. It was with this comedy that Mr. Montague inaugurated his management at the Globe Theatre in 1871, and as now revived, with a very strong and efficient cast, it has proved highly attractive. Miss Litton and Miss Bessie Hollingshead are charming and refined representatives of Fanny Smith and Emily Mervyn. Mr. Barnes is easy and gentlemanly in Mr. Montague's part of Tom Gilroy, the young barrister; Mr. Maclean, careful, intelligent, and artistic, as usual, supplies the place of Mr. David Fisher, the original exponent of Mervyn; and Mr. E. Terry is quaintly droll and amusing in poor Compton's old part of Muggles, the butler. The revived comedy, with Mr. Byron's successful burlesque, *The Bohemian G'yurl*, in which Miss Farren and Messrs. E. Terry and Royce are at their very best, present a most attractive and amusing evening's entertainment. The Prince and Princess of Wales and the two young princes were present at the performance on Saturday evening.

GAETEY.—*The Lady of Lyons* was repeated at last Saturday's Matinée and again attracted a very full house. In the evening's programme Mr. Burnand's *Artful Cards* still continues the chief attraction, but since Saturday night has been supplemented by a revival of Offenbach's burlesque operetta *Trombalazar*, amusingly rendered by Miss Emily Muir and Messrs. Collette, A. Bishop and J. F. Young in the leading parts, and the *Spitalfields Weaver*. Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wigan took a benefit here on Tuesday afternoon, when the programme consisted of Tom Taylor's comedietta of *The House or the Home*, and the farce of *The Bengal Tiger*, in each of which Mr. and Mrs. Wigan sustained their original characters, supported by the Hon. Lady Sebright and other distinguished amateurs, who recently appeared at the Opera Comique. As Mr. and Mrs. Wigan took a farewell of the stage a few years ago, the only *raisons d'être* for the present benefit would seem to be the parading of the long array of Royal and titled personages whom the beneficiares had secured as patrons, and the assumption of an offensive exclusiveness in restricting the sale of tickets (publicly advertised) to the holders of vouchers, obtainable only from the lady patronesses or from Mr. and Mrs. Wigan themselves. The latter proceeding has justly been severely commented upon, and has been stigmatised as arrogant and unmitigated snobbishness, intensified in its ill grace as emanating from those for whom such general sympathy was manifested some years ago, when a schoolmaster at Brighton refused to receive their boy as a pupil because he was the son of a play-actor.

ROYALTY.—*Orphée aux Enfers* has been replaced here since Saturday by a revival of *La Fille de Madame Angot*, and has been received with marked favour, Miss Kate Santley's piquant style of acting and singing being particularly adapted for successfully impersonating the character of Clairette. Miss Emily Muir makes a stately Mdlle. Lange, and she gives full expression to the music—both ladies gaining great applause in the quarrelling duet. Mr. Stoye enacts the part of Pomponnet with genuine drollery; Mr. Henry Hallam sings and acts effectively as the poet Ange Pitou, and Messrs. Kelleher and Bryer and Misses Rose Cullen and Rose Roberts complete a thoroughly good ensemble. The opera has been preceded each evening by the amusing farce of *Mrs. Green's Little Business*. *Orphée* will be resumed on Monday. The season terminates here next week, and Miss Kate Santley and her Opera Bouffe company go to the Standard for a short engagement at Easter.

AQUARIUM THEATRE.—Mr. Burnand's famous burlesque *Black Eyed Susan* has been represented in the afternoon during the week instead of at night, and yesterday was represented for the last time.

FOLLY.—The present season here will close next Saturday, when both *Robinson Crusoe* and *Nine Points of the Law* will be represented for the last time. The theatre will remain closed during Passion week for some necessary alterations and redecorations, and will reopen for a new season on Saturday week, the 31st instant, with a new burlesque, by Messrs. R. Reece and H. R. Farnie, entitled *Oxygen; or, Laughing Gas in Burlesque Metre*, and which is founded by the authors on Jules Verne's *Doctor Ox*, recently produced in Paris. At to-day's matinée here, *Nine Points of the Law*, by Miss Lydia Thompson and Folly company, and Messrs. Arthur Matthison and Solomon's new comic cantata, *Contempt of Court*, will be represented.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—*Aurora Floyd* was represented here on Tuesday with a strong cast, including Mr. and Mrs. Billington, Messrs. John Clarke, Markby, and H. Ashley, and Mrs. Fairfax and Miss Myra Holme. *Henry Dunbar*, received with great favour last week, was to be repeated on Thursday.

CRITERION.—Mr. Gilbert's farcical comedy, *On Bail*, was withdrawn on Wednesday night, and succeeded on the following evening by *The Great Divorce Case*, which was revived for twelve nights only. The production of Messrs. Arthur Matthison and Solomon's new comic cantata, *Contempt of Court*, intended for the same evening, has been postponed for the present.

To-day's morning performances comprise *The Lady of Lyons*, for the third time, with Mr. and Mrs. Kendall, and the same cast as before, at the Gaiety; *Nine Points of the Law*, with Miss Lydia Thompson as Mrs. Smylie, Lionel Brough, W. Edouin, &c.; and Messrs. Arthur Matthison and E. Solomon's new comic cantata, *Contempt of Court*, at the Folly; the children's pantomime, *Goody Two Shoes*, at the Adelphi; Mr. Toole and the Gaiety company in *The Spitalfields Weaver*, and *Ici on parle Français* at the Aquarium Theatre; *Dick Turpin* at Sanger's; the German Reed's entertainment at St. George's Hall; and Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke's new spiritual illusions at the Egyptian Hall.

An amateur performance by the "Irrationals" (A.D.C.) will also take place this afternoon at the Opera Comique, for the benefit of a charity. The pieces selected for representation are Mr. Theyre Smith's comedietta, *Cut off with a Shilling*, and *The Rivals*, in which the Hon. Mrs. Sebright, the Hon. Mrs. Wrottesley, Mrs. Pope, Miss St. Quinten, Miss Measer, Major Mahon, Captains S. de Lacy, Fitzgeorge, E. C. Johnson, Messrs. Macalaine, Bingham, Conaghi, Tweedie, Fairfield, Jas. Maclean, and other distinguished amateurs will take part.

To-night will be produced *The Corsican Brothers*, with Mr. H. Sinclair as Louis and Fabian dei Franchi, at Drury Lane, to precede *Haska*; and Messrs. Sanger close their season at Astley's.

On Monday night, Mr. Henry Neville takes his annual benefit at the Olympic, where the play of *The Wife's Secret* will be produced, Mr. Neville undertaking the part of Sir Walter Amyott, and Miss Bella Pateman re-appearing here as Lady Evelina Amyott.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

ONLY by energetically and promptly battling against the adverse legal proceedings, and getting the injunction granted by Vice-Chancellor Bacon on Friday, dissolved by the Lord Justices of Appeal on Saturday morning, was Mr. Chatterton enabled to keep faith with the public in producing Mr. Henry Spicer's romantic drama, *Haska*, on Saturday night. After all, the play turned out anything but a success, with little prospect of any lengthened endurance, and scarcely worth either the preliminary litigation or the care and lavish expense which have evidently been bestowed upon the scenery, dresses, and general mounting. *Haska* is an old-fashioned melodrama of the Surrey, or, rather Astleian, without the quadruped element, type, and little suited to the tastes of playgoers of the present day. It possesses, however, the merits of commendable brevity, two or three stirring and picturesque incidents and situations, and a couple of effective and energetic patriotic harangues by the heroine, which ensured applause, but otherwise the long-winded, though occasionally eloquent and poetical, speeches in blank verse, and redundant dialogue, become wearisome; while some of the motives of action are often wholly obscure, or but vaguely indicated. The scene is, presumably, from the dresses and scenery, laid somewhere in Hungary, and the story is simple enough, and, but for some absurdities in the *denouement*, sufficiently interesting. The first act opens with the villagers' festival in celebration of the marriage of the handsome peasant "Haska," a forest foundling, with the serf Yan. The festive dance is interrupted by the arrival of the libertine Seigneur, Count Robert Stourdza, who at once falls in love with the fair bride, and on the bridegroom remonstrating, the Count at once orders Yan to be seized and carried off to execution. He, however, consents to spare him on the condition that Haska shall visit the Count at his castle that night. When the Count takes his departure, Haska harangues and excites the peasants to a revolt against their cruel tyrant, Count Stourdza; with this strong incident, the curtain descends. In the next act, Haska, in accordance with her pledge, enters the dungeon-like chamber of the Count, who thinks he has her now in his power. The heroine repels his libertine advances, when drawing aside the curtain he points out to her through the window, her husband hanging to a gibbet in the courtyard below. At first Haska is shocked and in despair, but she soon mentally determines to be revenged, and assuming a complacency of demeanour, pretends to encourage the Count's renewed advances. In this chamber is a stone chair with iron manacles and other appliances, which entrap, and render helpless any victim occupying it. In seemingly playfulness she wheedles the Count to sit in the chair and show her how the victims are secured. When the Count is fairly entrapped in his own snare, Haska snatches his dagger from his belt, and is about to strike it into his heart when the guards rush in to their master's aid. Haska flies to the window, frantically dashes the iron lattice from its fastenings, and precipitates herself to the court yard, and escapes from the fire of the soldiers; with this sensational incident the second act effectively terminates. In the third act Haska, in a semi-military dress, *a la Joan of Arc*, is at the head of the insurgent peasants in a mountain defile, and is sorely pressed by the Count's troops. Several incidents, some of them absurd and improbable, now succeed each other with hurried rapidity, bringing a happy *denouement* to all. Count Stourdza has discovered, through a miniature which once belonged to Haska, and now falls into his hands, that the heroine whom he had pursued with his wicked love and cruel persecutions, is his own sister, whom when a child he had thrown out of the carriage to be devoured by the beasts of prey. Overwhelmed with remorse and penitence the Count enters, and making known his relationship, is pardoned by Haska, and brother and sister reconciled—Yan too most unexpectedly turns up, not only not having been hanged, but by some means or by somebody, ennobled, how or by whom is not very clear. Haska embraces her now ennobled husband. Serfdom is abolished by the repentant count, the discontented insurgents are pardoned, and the curtain drops on universal peace and happiness. Among the nineteen characters set forth on the programme, two only are called upon for any histrionic display, the heroine Haska, and the wicked Count Stourdza. Miss Leighton, as the former, acted with great intelligence and earnestness, although her voice and physical power are inadequate for the large area of Drury Lane, and were somewhat unequal to the sustained strain required by the very long speeches allotted to her, yet the fine dramatic elocution which she displayed in the chorus in *Henry V.* at the Queen's was again conspicuous, and enabled her to make the impersonation very effective on the whole, and her delivery of the patriotic addresses to the peasantries at the end of the first and beginning of the third act was highly dramatic, and called forth well deserved applause. Mr. Creswick, as Count Stourdza, although displaying all his usual care and artistic finish, seemed unable to make anything of such a thankless and unsympathetic part. The drama was preceded by Mr. Arthur Matthison's operetta-bouffe, *Ten of 'Em*, and was followed by Mr. Cormack's pretty ballet *The Date Tree Grove*, in which the clever and accomplished Mdlle. Bossi, as première danseuse, again proved herself to be one of the most finished exponents of the poetical and graceful school of terpsichorean art. On Tuesday night, the programme was further supplemented by the introduction of *The Picaninni Minstrels*, a troop of six boys with darkened faces and black costumes, whose performance consists of a grotesque nigger-song and dance—suitable rather for a music hall than for Drury Lane, except during the pantomime. To-night *The Corsican Brothers* is announced to precede Mr. Spicer's drama, *Haska*.

GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.

OR late, novelties rapidly succeed each other at the German Reed's popular entertainment. Scarcely has *A Night Surprise* got into full working order, when we have a new first piece in the shape of a lively and amusing little musical farce, written by Gilbert à Beckett, the music by Alfred Cellier, and produced on Monday evening under the title of *Two Foster Brothers*, in succession to Mr. Burnand's *Matched and Mated*. Making due allowance for the improbability of some of the incidents as well as the anomalous and not very clearly explained intrusion of the London visitors to the comfortably furnished kitchen of the Somersetshire farm-house, in which the action takes place, the new comedietta proved highly amusing, and was received with genuine approbation. The arcadian simplicity and peaceful contentment of Margery Primrose (Miss Leonora Braham), the bonny and sensible proprietress of a comfortable farm in Somersetshire, and of her farm-labourer Jem (Mr. Alfred Reed) are entirely upset by the irruption of three visitors from London—Lady Fyddleton (Mrs. German Reed), a blue stocking and unappreciated

poetess; Mr. T. Cupid Growl (Mr. Law), a lawyer, much addicted to entomology; and his client, Sir Talbot Towers (Mr. Corney Grain), a fashionable town exquisite. They make their intrusive visit to the farm in consequence of a discovery made by Growl's clerk that Sir Talbot and Jem, while infant foster brothers at the farm were changed in their cradles, and that Jem the ploughboy is in reality the rightful baronet and heir to the Tower estates. Mr. Growl makes the necessary explanation, being satisfied of the facts discovered by his clerk, and of the identity of Jem as his client's foster-brother. Then ensue the amusing and droll incidents arising from the change of characters. Sir Talbot dons the smock-frock of the ploughboy, and gets involved in a series of absurd contretemps in fulfilling the duties of his new position, he feeds the pigs with the treasured cream of the dairy instead of "wash," which he presumed to mean the ablutionary process, which he diligently performs, spoiling Mistress Primrose's best table-cloths in the process of drying the little swine, and perpetrates endless blunders; while Jem, dressed out in a fashionable flaring suit, provided for him by Growl, commits equally incongruous anomalies, productive of incessant laughter to the audience. After numerous grotesque and highly amusing complications, it turns out that the clerk had made a mistake, or perpetrated a practical joke, for there was no foundation for the alleged change of the foster infants, and the two masqueraders resume their rightful positions. The baronet, improved by his enforced lesson of active industry, and Jem cured of his discontent. Mr. Cellier's illustrative music is bright and melodious, and received ample justice in the rendering by the five exponents, especially the first number, a tuneful and gracefully flowing quintet, the succeeding trio by Jem, Sir Talbot, and Growl, which was warmly applauded and encored. Margery's song, "Little love bird, tell me true," an exceedingly pretty melody, and sung with pleasing expression and simplicity by Miss Leonora Braham, and a duet between Sir Talbot and Margery, which was also encored. The characters were sustained with the delicacy and artistic finish for which the little company is distinguished. Mrs. German Reed, who was most cordially received, recalled some of her best triumphs by her impersonation of Lady Fyddleton. Miss Leonora Braham was charmingly naïve and natural as the comely and industrious proprietress of the farm, Margery. Mr. Alfred Reed, who has made rapid advances of late in character acting, was again an excellent and very comic representative of the rustic clod, Jem. Mr. Corney Grain's blasé town exquisite, Sir Talbot Towers, so bored with country life, and who so mournfully accepts the alteration in his social position, was a most careful assumption, and worked out with minute finish in its details; and Mr. Law was characteristically comic, without over exaggeration, as the entomological lawyer, Growl.

The Prince and Princess of Wales and Princes Albert Victor and George of Wales, attended by a numerous suite, were present at the Opera Comique Theatre on Saturday evening.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, the Prince and Princess Christian, the Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), and Princess Beatrice, attended the performance on Saturday afternoon, at the Gaiety, for the benefit of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wigan.

The Princess Beatrice and suite visited the Lyceum on Wednesday evening.

The last morning performance of *Peril*, at the Prince of Wales's, will take place on Saturday next, the 24th inst., after the University Boat Race.

There will also be a morning performance (the fifth) of *New Men and Old Acres* at the Court and *Our Boys* at the Vaudeville the same day.

The Easter novelty at the Criterion will probably be *The Headless Man*.

Mr. Corney Grain has a new musical sketch in preparation, to succeed *Spring's Delights*.

Miss Rosina Vokes was married, on Saturday last, to Mr. Cecil Clay, of Seymour-street, Portman-square.

It seems that neither *The Palace of Truth* nor *The Princess* is now to be revived at the Haymarket. Mr. Rae's new comedy *Fame*, in which both Miss La Fontaine and Miss Marion Terry have parts, is in rehearsal, and will be produced at Easter.

Mr. Charles Calvert is making extensive preparations for his Shakespearean Revival, at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, in the autumn of the present year.

On Saturday, the Court of Appeal in consideration of the great loss which Mr. Chatterton would sustain if he were not allowed to produce *Haska*, which had been advertised as intended to be played that evening at Drury Lane Theatre, dissolved the injunction granted against him by Vice-Chancellor Bacon at the instance of Miss Campbell, but the injunction continues as against Mr. Spicer.

Miss Bateman will appear in *Leah* at a morning performance at the Lyceum on Easter Monday for the benefit of the Hospital Saturday Fund.

A new three-act comedy by Mr. Albery, to be called *Gentle Rebecca*, is in rehearsal at the Criterion.

Mr. H. Irving has published the version as arranged by him of Shakespeare's *King Richard III.*, for the Lyceum. The tragedian speaks in his preface thus:—"In the task of arranging Shakespeare's *King Richard III.* for stage representation—which it has been thought desirable to place before the public in book form, I have been actuated by an earnest wish to rescue from the limbo of 'plays for the closet, not for the stage,' a tragedy which, in my humble opinion, possesses a variety of action and a unity of construction which readily account for its great popularity in the days of the author. The taste of a succeeding generation overlaid it with ornament as antagonistic to the fashions of our own day as the hair powder and knee-breeches which were then indispensable to the recognised tragic dress. But while fashions change truth remain unalterable, and the words of Shakespeare now speak to the human soul of human passions as clearly as when they were written, and require no interpolations to convey their lesson to succeeding generations. Of the favour with which this version of *Richard III.* has been received it is not for me to speak. I trust, however, it is not egotism that induces me to add, that the crowning satisfaction to me of this revival has been the thought that, by this successful restoration of the text of Shakespeare to the London stage, I have been able to lay a laurel spray on the grave of my honoured and regretted friend, the late manager of the Lyceum Theatre."

THE opening of the new club room at Ashley's Hotel, Henrietta-street, took place on Monday evening last. Mr. Alfred Jardine occupied the chair, and there was a large attendance. The rules were revised, and afterwards the meeting was addressed by Mr. Frank Buckland. The Rev. W. Vaux, Messrs. H. L. Rolfe, T. R. Sachs, C. Horsley, and others. The success of the Piscatorial Society is mainly attributable to the exertions of Mr. James Lander, the honorary secretary.

We are requested to state that the equestrian portrait presented to the Hon. Francis Scott, the retiring master of the Surrey Union Foxhounds, was painted, not by Sir Francis Grant, but by Mr. Charles Lutjens, of 16, Onslow Square, the merit of whose remarkable work was universally acknowledged.



THE GRAND MILITARY HUNT CUP AT SANDOWN PARK—FALL OF “WOODBINE” AT THE WATER.



MISS KATE LAWLER.
MISS MADGE ANTOINETTE.

MISS JENNY WILLMORE.

MISS EMILY STAFFORD.
MISS SALLIE BOOTH.

CRICKET, ATHLETICS, AQUATICS, ETC.

In the eighth match played by Lillywhite's eleven in Australia, viz. against fifteen of New South Wales at Sydney, our representatives were beaten by no less than thirteen wickets—a result hardly anticipated even by the colonials, although they think themselves by no means "small potatoes." The eleven went in first and seven wickets fell for 24 runs only, of which Charlwood had contributed no less than twenty, when he ran himself out in a most absurd manner. Thanks to the good batting of Bannerman, Garrett, Powell, and Spofforth, who made 22, 19, 18, and 10 respectively, the fifteen were not got rid of until 124 runs were entered on the score sheet. Shaw's bowling once more was very effective, his analysis reading as follows, 81 (57 maiden) overs, 32 runs 7 wickets. With the exception of Armitage and Shaw, who made 38 and 30 in the second innings of the eleven, no one else offered any protracted resistance to the bowling and fielding of the fifteen, as great a "rot" seemed to prevail as in the first innings, and 104 was the result of their labours. This left the New South Wales team sixteen to get to win, a task they accomplished with the loss of one wicket. After this success the New South Wales committee were so highly elated that they arranged a two days match with our boys, even handed, i.e., eleven aside, but on this occasion they reckoned without their host. Winning the toss, the colonial captain sent in his opponents, and I imagine he quickly repented his decision. The first wicket, Charlwood's, fell for 32, but it was not until 270 had been obtained that the innings came to a close, Ulyett playing in almost faultless style for 94, while Pooley ran second with a very lively 36, Selby scored 31, Shaw 23, Charlwood and Emmett 18 each, and Southerton 16 (not out). Ulyett's innings is described as a magnificent display, his hitting being very clean and his driving very fine. Against this really excellent innings the South Waler's at the first attempt could only succeed in amassing 82, Evans (30) and Thompson (19 not out), being the chief scorers. As a matter of course, our colonial cousins had the unenviable necessity of following their innings and they made a much better show than in their first attempt, scoring 140 for the loss of six wickets, when the stumps and match were drawn. D. Gregory played a good sound not out innings of 53 and Bannerman again proved his prowess as a batsman by making 32 in capital style. Although "time" doubtless robbed the eleven of a well-earned victory, there can, I think, be no doubt what would have been the ultimate result, had the match been played out. It is, however, unsatisfactory to notice that the Sydney folks are so painfully self-satisfied with themselves, and that the spectators show anything but unbiased opinions, insomuch that it is stated that "the umpires are almost afraid to do their duty." This is not as it should be, and the sooner the better any attempt to influence the decisions of the sole arbiters of fair and unfair play by means of the *vox populi*, is stamped out, the more firm hold will our really national pastime take root in the Antipodes. These remarks will not hold good to the whole of Australia, but from what I hear and read are more particularly applicable to Sydney.

Football is almost a dead letter, and only two matches require any lengthened notice from me, viz.: the final tie for the Inter-Hospital Challenge Cup, under Rugby rules, and the last of the fourth ties for the Association Challenge Cup. The former match took place at Kennington Oval on Thursday last, and resulted in favour of Guy's who opposed St. Thomas's. The winners at the call of "no side" had scored six touches down to one, and thus became entitled to hold the cup, which was won last year by St. George's, until the commencement of another season. In cold but fine weather the fourth tie for the Association Challenge Cup was played on Saturday last on Kennington Oval, between Oxford University and Upton Park, the former game between these two clubs, which was played on the 24th of February, ending in a draw, neither side obtaining a goal. On the present occasion Oxford from the start were very assiduous in their attacks on the fortress of Upton Park, and the ball was in close proximity to their lines for some time. Although Oxford had a free kick after a call of "hands," nothing resulted therefrom; but shortly afterwards, from a corner kick, Oxford were fortunately credited with a goal out of a scrimmage. Upton Park, up to the call of half-time, were continuously pressed by their active and persevering opponents; but on ends being changed at "half-time," the Essex division tried hard to equalise matters, and made several runs down the ground. Their exertions, however, proved unavailing, the Oxford backs, Rawson especially, being all on the alert; and, after a very finely disputed game, Oxford were left winners by one goal to love. This leaves only one tie to be played in the fifth round for the cup, which will be played between the Wanderers and Cambridge University, at Kennington Oval, on Tuesday next. On the following Saturday, the final tie will take place between the winners in the match above named and Oxford University, and at present my opinion is rather in favour of the Wanderers.

In my account of the American handicap at billiards last week, I omitted to mention that Shorter won the first prize, although I suppose it was pretty well understood that such was the case. At the finish, Shorter had six games to his credit, J. Bennett five, Stanley, Taylor, and Fred. Bennett four each, Cook and Timbrell two each, and Kilkenny one. It is satisfactory to be able to state that the affair, which took place at the Gaiety, was a complete success; and from personal experience I can state, that under Mr. Bell's supervision the arrangements at the gate were as perfect as could be wished. Roberts, I notice, has challenged Cook, for the championship of pyramids; but, as the latter has held the shield for the prescribed time, Roberts's deposit of £10 has been returned to him.

An assault of arms, which proved highly attractive, was given at the Bow and Bromley Institute, on Friday evening last, under the direction of Sergeant C. W. Barber, instructor to the City Gymnastic Club. There was, perhaps, almost too much sparring included in the programme, but several of the various bouts were exceedingly well-contested, notably those between Mr. S. Saunders (C.G.C.) and Mr. J. Hart of the same club, and between Jack Hicks and Mr. A. Macfarlane (C.G.C.), who in three rather warm rounds about divided the honours. Mr. J. Saunders (Champion Feather Weight Amateur) and Bob Habijam boxed three very fine rounds, as also did Mr. R. Wakefield (Amateur Champion) and Mr. B. J. Angle (T.R.C.), the latter acquitting himself very fairly considering his adversary's greater height. A. Austin and Hugh Burns sparred in a light and scientific manner, but the best of the whole series was the set-to between Mr. J. H. Douglas (London Athletic Club Middle Weight Champion) and Professor Daultrey, which may be described as almost perfect. The dumb-bell exercise by the members of the club was good, as was also the horizontal bar exercise, but the single-stick play and sabre v. sabre contest between Sergeants Barber and Rogers, was only mild. Of course the bayonet exercise by the non. com. officers of the Scots Fusiliers was all that could be wished, and adding that those two well-known exponents of wrestling, Graham and Beeby, fought their oft-repeated battle over again, further remarks are not necessary. As a proof how highly popular assaults of arms have now become, I may mention that a large and very fashionable company assembled at Willis's Rooms on Saturday

afternoon, when Mons. J. Simon, a professed swordsman, gave an entertainment in which he was assisted by two of the best fencers of the Paris School, viz.: MM. Merignac and Gaillard, as well as by Mr. David M'Turk and Mr. W. M'Turk. As might be expected from such an array of talent, the company had no cause to complain of the quality of the fencing, in which our Gallic allies carried off the palm, while with the sabres our own islanders showed themselves second to none. The ever-obliging J. Graham once more evinced his almost unrivalled powers in wrestling, and the veteran Johnny Walker sparred with Mr. Moffat, and gave evidence that age has made very little difference in his cleverness with the gloves.

The chief feature in athletics has been the conclusion of the Oxford University sports, originally intended to decide who should do battle for the dark blues in the annual Inter-University Sports at Little Bridge, but which now only serve as a sort of test, to guide the O.U.A.C. in their selection of the champions, the casting vote being left in the hands of that body, however well any competitor may have acquitted himself in these trials. But to the subject in hand. The meeting as usual was largely patronised by spectators, and *mirabile dictu* among the on-lookers I noticed nearly two dozen of the fair sex. Most of the events were well worth witnessing, but there was nothing of a very striking character, except the three miles race, in which F. Bullock-Webster (Hertford College), through sheer good condition and gameness, fairly raced down W. R. Stevenson (New College), the regular "crack" of Oxford, who has frequently done his University good service, and for whom this race was booked as a certainty. The time was excellent, viz., 15m 24s, on a heavy path, being bad to beat. In the half mile H. G. Tylecote (New College) fairly spread-eagled his field, and the way in which he left his men at the half-distance put me forcibly in mind of F. T. Elbrough (L.A.C.), the contrast in style between the winner and his two opponents being as marked as possible. In the 100 yards both E. C. Treplin (B.N.C.) and A. L. Scott (B.N.C.) ran fairly well, the former winning by a yard in 10s, but the winner did not impress me as being the wonder the local time-keepers made him out to be. S. F. Jackson (St. John's) won the 120 yards hurdlerace, but failed to secure the wide jump, which was regarded as a moral for him, he not coming within a couple of feet of what he had done in practice. The remainder of the events do not call for any remarks from me.

It is not my intention to particularise the performances of the rival Blues day by day, as the public have had this dish *usque ad nauseam*, in the daily papers, and, in the majority of cases, technical information is "all caviar to the multitude." The appearance of Oxford on Monday was witnessed by a large crowd, and their maiden essay on tidal waters proved that they were certainly not overrated by their local critics, as they rowed wonderfully strong and well, though their "time" was not quite so good as that of their antagonists, and the steering was occasionally erratic. However, it must be borne in mind that Mr. Beaumont has not had the experience of the Cambridge coxswain, and will doubtless improve in this respect ere the eventful day, especially after being piloted over the course a few times by the veteran "Jockey" Driver, than whom, perhaps, no one is better acquainted with the shoals, deeps, eddies, currents, and maelströms of our silvery Thames. The best piece of rowing done by Oxford since their arrival at Putney, was, doubtless, on Tuesday afternoon, when they went the whole course on a poor tide, in time variously estimated from 19min 52 sec to 19min 47sec—the fastest performance, with one exception, hitherto done by any University crew. Cambridge to look at are certainly a more taking lot to the eye than their more powerful rivals, and there is no doubt that were all the crew equal in style and strength to the four after oars, they would, to quote an Americanism prove "a mighty hard hill to hoe," but their most sanguine and prejudiced supporters cannot blink the fact that bow, 2, 3, and 4 are scissors-like in going forward and back. There is the usual amount of mobbing, gapeseed, and *gobemoucherie* displayed by the great unwashed portion of the British public who daily throng the towing-path at Putney, and the apparition of a Dark or Light Blue jacket has about the same effect as a matador's red rag on a bull. Although when first the crews went into practice I had more than a strong predilection in favour of Cambridge, I must, like the ladies, be allowed to change my mind, and express my opinion that

OXFORD

will prove the winners of the boat race in 1877.

As I remarked a week or two back, though admiring the pluck of young Clasper, it still seems to me that he is flying at too high game in tackling Spencer. However, even if defeated on Saturday, he will be by no means disgraced, and, if successful, will earn everlasting renown. The Oxford waterman's practice attracts quite a number of spectators, who thus occupy the various *interregna* between the practice of the rival blues, with advantage and satisfaction to themselves.

EXON.

MISS FURTADO (Mrs. J. Clarke) will make her re-appearance at the Theatre Royal, Brighton, on Monday next, after a long and severe illness.

MACKAY'S Illustrated chart of the Oxford and Cambridge Race is one of the novelties announced for publication on the eventful day. And it is a novelty.

WE have received that handy and useful little pocket volume "The Rowing Almanack and Oarsman's Companion for 1877," published by Virtue and Co., London.

"A FIGHT FOR LIFE."—Messrs. Savile Clarke and Terreau's stirring drama, which is founded on a novel by Mr. Moy Thomas, is drawing crowded houses at the Park Theatre.

MR. GEORGE LEITCH will make his first appearance at the Strand Theatre on Monday next (since Mr. J. G. Taylor "gone to the country") in the part of the learned judge in *Trial by Jury*.

MR. JAMES COXON, a draper in business in Newcastle-on-Tyne, was violently thrown from his horse while hunting. His injuries were immediately fatal. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of accidental death.

THE Barnsbury Mutual Improvement Society gave a concert on Wednesday last. Amongst the pieces sung was a duet composed expressly for the occasion, very well rendered by Herr Stummvoll and Mr. Hoyle. "My Mother Dear" and "The Nightingale's Trill" were sung in a charming manner by Mrs. John Aldridge, Mr. Aldridge singing with considerable taste "My Sweetheart when a Boy." On the whole, the concert was a genuine success.

THE Lord Chamberlain, to ensure so far as may be possible the safety of playgoers, attacks the managers through their staircases, some of which are, it seems, made of that highly inflammable material—wood. In future no theatre will be licensed of which the staircases are not built entirely of stone; while in those theatres now existing whose architects have been so misguided, or so economical, as to make the staircases of wood, the staircases will have to be rebuilt. But stone staircases are usually supported with iron, which, under the influence of extreme heat, no longer serves its purpose, and has before now rendered stone staircases greater elements of danger than even wooden stairs are. Has this been duly considered?

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. N. (Brighton).—The games were very weakly conducted by both players, and are therefore declined with thanks.

J. S. W. (Winson-green).—Kindly re-examine No. 1. It appears to us that it can be solved in two moves by 1. Q to R 6, 2. B to K 4.

R. T. Y. (Buxton).—The problem shall have our best attention, but it must wait its turn for examination.

G. E. A. (Wimbledon).—You can procure the *Hartford Times* and the *New York Clipper* through any London newsagent.

H. N. S. (Harrow).—We shall have great pleasure in replying to any question in relation to the game of chess. The best collection of chess problems extant is undoubtedly "English Chess Problems," edited by W. T. and J. Pierce, published by Longmans.

Correct Solutions of Problem No. 133 received from Hector, T. W. W. and G. Sandon.

Correct Solutions of Problem No. 134 received from Benet, Vicar Tallington, Cantharikopis, J. Byng, H. N. S., J. S. W., G. E. A., G. S., R. T. Y., Pepper's Ghost, Triton, J. Wontone, and H. Wilson.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM, No. 133.

WHITE. BLACK.

1. Kt to Q B 4. 1. Any move.

2. Mates accordingly.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM, No. 134.

WHITE. BLACK.

1. Q to Q 3. 1. Any move.

2. Mates accordingly.

PROBLEM NO. 136.

By REV. J. BYNG, of Boxford.

BLACK.

WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

CHESS-NUTS.

THE Hartford Chess Circle, which our readers will remember is an association of ladies and gentlemen formed at Hartford, Connecticut, for the practice of chess during the winter months, varied the routine of chess contests at their Christmas meetings by a novel kind of competition. Each member of the Circle was required to produce a chess conundrum, the result being a collection of chess-nuts well worthy of preservation. We are indebted to the courtesy of Mr. Belden, of the *Hartford Times* for enabling us to place this unique collection before our readers:—

Who formed the first Chess Circle? Ans.—The Knights of the Round Table.

Why are our weekly meetings called circles? Ans.—Because they meet all round.

Why should all the ladies of the Hartford Chess Circle be strong players? Ans.—Because they have such winning ways.

Why is chess impregnable? Ans.—Because its castles have withstood the shock of ages.

Why is a chess player unlike a man-of-war? Ans.—Because the one never moves without a mate, and the other can't move with a mate.

In what respect does chess resemble a Hartford newspaper? Ans.—Because it is a game of *The Times*.

When does chess resemble a lottery? Ans.—When the game is drawn.

Why can chess never become a "fast" game? Ans.—Because it takes four (k)knights to play it.

Why is chess like the sky? Ans.—Because it has been studded for centuries.

How can a European war be averted? Ans.—By holding the kings in check.

Why is our royal pastime imperishable? Ans.—Because its beauties can never fade.

Why is the chess editor of *The Times* like a winter garment? Ans.—Because he is a chess(t) protector.

Where is a bachelor most like a married man? Ans.—When he is wedded to chess.

Why is chess the richest game in the world? Ans.—Because its checks are always honored.

Why can chess never become a gambling game? Ans.—Because it is always played on the square.

Why are chess players the most industrious people in the world? Ans.—Because they are invariably on the move.

What business man most reminds us of chess? Ans.—A Pawn-broker.

Where does a chess player suffer the most? Ans.—In de feet, of course.

Why are our lady members the most agreeable of their sex? Ans.—Because they are always willing to mate.

Why is chess like a Bishop?

Why is a defeated chess player like a cancelled postage stamp? Ans.—Because he has been licked.

Why is chess the most exemplary amusement? Ans.—Because it is the only game defended by Bishops.

The wood of what tree is most appropriate for chess-men? Ans.—The tree of knowledge.

Why should Samson have been a good chess player? Ans.—Because he was strong enough to force a mate.

What indication have we that Eve played chess? Ans.—Because we read that she mated Adam in the garden.

Why are noted chess players like distinguished theatrical stars? Ans.—Because they win their reputations on the boards.

Why would Jonah have made a slow chess player? Ans.—Because it took a whale three days to make him move.

We add to the above list a chess-nut cracked a few evenings ago at Simpson's Divan:—

Why must Herr Kockelkorn be considered the coolest of problem composers? Ans.—Because he never makes problems without his great *Kohtz*.

CHESS INTELLIGENCE.

THERE was a large attendance of the leading chess-players of the metropolis at the City of London Chess Club, on Wednesday last, to take part in the festival held in celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the foundation of the club. The *ménage*, the wines, the vocal and instrumental music, and even some of the speeches were all excellent, and received due appreciation from the members assembled on the occasion. After the usual loyal toasts, the President, Mr. H. F. Gastineau, who occupied the chair, proposed the toast of the evening, "Prosperity to the City of London Chess Club," eliciting repeated plaudits during the progress of his speech, due not only to the felicitous terms in which it was expressed, but also to the popularity of the speaker. The re-election of Mr. Gastineau, as President, and Mr. Down, as Honorary Secretary of this club, is an assurance that the management will be vigorous in pursuing the object for which the club has been established—the promotion of the game of chess in England. The several officers of the club, Mr. Howard, the Treasurer; Mr. Manning, the Vice-President; and the Committee, having been duly honoured, M. Delannoy, of Paris, proposed "The Health of Lady Chess Players," with a grace that only a Frenchman can display in such circumstances. The toast of "The Committee" was proposed by Mr. Macdonnell, who concluded a humorous speech amid cheers and laughter. The visitors were represented by Mr. Wallis Mackay, and the toast of the Chess Press was responded to by Mr. Duffy. The meeting broke up at a late hour, each and all, members and visitors, proclaiming the twenty-fifth festival of the Club to be the most successful of the series.

POPULAR PLAYERS ON THE PROVINCIAL STAGE.—II.

CONTINUING our series of portrait sketches from favourites of the provincial stage, we this week add to our previous page of drawings the portraits of five ladies, the centre figure being that of

MISS JENNY WILLMORE.

privately known as Mrs. Franck, a lady whose reputation as a burlesque actress is not unknown in London, and is great in most of our large country towns. She is a native of Carlisle, where she was born on the 21st January, 1845, and made her "first appearance" on the stage when seven years of age. After her first marriage, in 1860, to Mr. Felix Rogers, the comedian, she came to London, and played at the Royalty Theatre, personating Ixion in the burlesque of that name, which was then originally produced. During her stay in London she also played at the Adelphi, Surrey, Holborn, Astley's, Sadler's Wells, Marylebone, Standard, and several other London theatres. On March 10, 1869, being offered a lucrative engagement, she sailed to America, under the management of J. S. Clarke. On April 24, 1871, a decree of divorce was granted her in the American courts, and in the same year she married Mr. Henry Franck. Miss Willmore returned to England in October, 1872, and has since appeared in all the principal provincial theatres. Her tour this year with *Jo* will include all the large cities and towns in England, Ireland, and Scotland.

MISS SALLIE BOOTH.

THIS lady is a niece of the celebrated Sally Booth, and made her first appearance on any stage as an amateur playing with the members of several societies, before she appeared at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, as Rosalind, although she was even then extremely young. She was successful on this occasion in winning the most flattering criticisms from the London press, including one penned by the late Douglas Jerrold. She afterwards accepted an offer from the Theatre Royal, Birmingham, and this engagement was the commencement of a long series of highly successful appearances in Dublin, Edinburgh, Aberdeen, Portsmouth, and other large provincial towns. During the last four years Miss Booth has travelled as directress of her husband's (Mr. J. H. Clynd's) company, and is now concluding a season of unparalleled brilliancy at the New Theatre Royal, Dumfries. Miss Booth is considered a very versatile actress and an admirable elocutionist.

MISS KATE LAWLER.

THIS young lady commenced her theatrical career as a child at the Theatre Royal, Belfast, where she remained until 1874, when she took her first engagement at the Theatre Royal, Nottingham, as a member of the stock company. Six months after she left the Nottingham company for the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Liverpool, where she played Lottie in *The Two Roses*, which at once made her a great favourite in that town. Miss Lawler remained there four months, playing a round of parts in comedy and burlesque, after which she was engaged by Mr. Saker to play Regina in the *Princess of Trebizonde* at the Alexandra. Then she returned to the Prince of Wales's until the Christmas, when she was engaged by Mr. Warden to play the principal part in the pantomime at the Gaiety Theatre, Dublin, which ran three months. She then went to Belfast for a short season to play Little Em'ly, &c., &c., and was afterwards engaged by Mrs. Chart to play Smike in *Nicholas Nickleby* at the Theatre Royal, Brighton, where that piece ran for three weeks. In September she went to the Theatre Royal, Hull. Amongst Miss Lawler's most successful parts have been Jo in *Bleak House*, Eily in *Colleen Bawn*, Louise in *Two Orphans*, Moya in *Shaughraun*, Harry in *Middy Ashore*, and Jenny in *Jenny Lind at Last*. At Birmingham Miss Lawler played the principal part in the Prince of Wales's pantomime. A correspondent upon whom we rely tells us that in every town and every character assumed by Miss Lawler (especially those mentioned) she has been most successful, and made herself a favourite both with the audience and the Press.

MISS EMILY STAFFORD.

Our contemporary, the *Era*, and a long list of provincial papers, have lauded this lady's ability as a skilful and gifted histrionic artist of a very versatile and attractive character, but up to the hour of going to press we have not received that sketch of her career which generally accompanies our portraits of popular players. The same statement applies also to MISS MADGE ANTOINETTE.

MISS VIOLA DACRE has just concluded a very successful starring engagement at Norwich, where she has personated Ophelia, Desdemona, Hecate, Lady Ann, Pauline, and other leading parts.

We have received from Mr. James Peddie, 2, Place Frederic Sauvage, Boulogne-sur-Mer, a copy of his prettily printed and uniquely complete table of the Spring Handicaps. As a waist-coat pocket remembrancer nothing could be handier.

MISS MADELENA CRONIN'S PIANOFORTE RECITAL.—The first of two recitals announced to be given by Miss Cronin took place on Tuesday last at the New Concert Room, Royal Academy of Music, when she fairly surprised her numerous audience by her extraordinary executive powers. The programme was selected from the works of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Thalberg, Schumann, &c. Perhaps Miss Cronin's best effort of the evening was Schumann's "Carnival," Op. 9, the opening piece of the second part. Miss Cronin is highly gifted, and fully deserved the hearty applause bestowed upon her at the end of her performance. Miss Jessie Jones, Miss A. Smythe, Madame Osborne Williams, Miss D'Alton, Mr. George Fox, and Signor Adelmann were the vocalists, and Herr Daubert joined Miss Cronin in two duets for pianoforte and violoncello by Beethoven and Chopin respectively, in faultless style. Miss Madelena Cronin's second recital, at which she will be assisted by several eminent artists, will take place on Thursday, April 26.

THE annual meeting of the Geneva Athletic Club was held on the 1st instant. The attendance was small, owing to the bad state of the weather, snow falling at intervals during the day. The following were the results:—Quarter mile—Ward, 1; Campbell, 2; time 60secs. Throwing the cricket ball—Duvillard, 97 yards, 100 yards—Final heat: Tod, 1; Ward, 2; won by three yards; time, 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ secs. Half-mile—Ward, 1; Campbell, 2; time 2min. 27secs. Long jump—Williams, 16ft. 8in.; 1; Campbell, 16ft. 3in., 2. Mile—Ward, 1; Tod, 2; Campbell, 3; time, 5min., 41secs. Walking race, 2 miles—Tod, 1; Collins, 2; Charrington, 3; won, after a good race, by ten yards. The consolation race, 300 yards handicap, was run in a violent snow-storm, and fell to Cloete, 10 yards, owing to Boyd, 15 yards, missing the course.

DR. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS. Mr. W. Ireland, Chemist, Egremont, Cumberland, writes: "For more than thirty years I have recommended Dr. Locoock's Wafers, and regard them as an excellent remedy for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, &c., and frequently take them myself." They taste pleasantly, and are sold at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d. per box.—[Advr.]

LAMPLough's PYRETIC SALINE.—HAVE IT IN YOUR HOUSES, AND USE NO OTHER; this alone is the true antidote in Fevers, Eruptive Affections, Sea or Bilious Sickness, having peculiar and exclusive merits.¹ For the protection of the public against fraudulent imitations, I have applied for and again obtained a perpetual injunction, with costs, against a defendant. Observe the GENUINE has my NAME and TRADE MARK ON BUFF-COLOURED WRAPPER.—115, Holborn-hill London.—[Advr.]

PRINCIPAL RACES PAST.

CROYDON MEETING.—(Concluded).

THURSDAY, MARCH 8.

HANDICAP HURDLE RACE of 5 sovs each, 1 ft (to the fund), with 50 added; about one mile and three-quarters, over seven flights. 28 subs. Mr. Billinghurst's br c Mainmast, by Mainstone—Black Flag, 4 yrs, 1st 12lb J. Prince 1 Mr. J. Johnson's br f Domiduca, 4 yrs, 1st 10lb S. Daniels 2 Mr. G. Bracher's br c Selim, 4 yrs, 1st 10lb Killick 3 Mr. W. Burton's Royal Oak, 5 yrs, 1st 10lb Clark 0 Betting: Even on Mainmast, 5 to 2 agst Selim, 4 to 1 agst Domiduca, and 20 to 1 agst Royal Oak. Won easily by twenty lengths; a bad third.

FREE HANDICAP STEEPELCHASE of 10 sovs each, 5 ft, with 100 added; about 2 miles. 8 subs.

Mr. J. Percival's b h Regenerateur, by Monarque—Miss Gladiator, 6 yrs, 1st 9lb Gregory 1

Mr. T. Cannon's ch m Idle Girl, aged, 1st 10lb A. Sadler 2

Mr. J. Winfield's b g Birdcatcher, aged, 1st 7lb T. Anthony 3

Also ran: Jupiter, 5 yrs, 1st 10lb; La Paresseuse, aged, 1st 9lb.

Betting: 5 to 4 agst Birdcatcher, 4 to 1 agst Idle Girl, 100 to 15 agst Regenerateur, and 20 to 1 agst La Paresseuse. Won easily by three lengths.

SELLING HANDICAP HURDLE RACE of 5 sovs each, with 50 added; winner to be sold for £50; one mile and a half, over six flights. 10 subs.

Mr. Greenwood's b c Spartacus, by Gladiateur—Rose of Kent, 4 yrs, 1st 11lb Mr. Crawshaw 1

Duke of Montrose's br h Whinyard, aged, 1st 12lb Mr. F. G. Hobson 2

Also ran: Inchcape, 5 yrs, 1st 12lb; Rougemont, 5 yrs, 1st 12lb; Ialanthus, aged, 1st 10lb; Cantaloup, 4 yrs, 1st 10lb; Leave-it-to-Me, aged, 1st 4lb.

Betting: 6 to 4 agst Spartacus, 100 to 30 agst Inchcape, 6 to 1 agst Whinyard, and 10 to 1 agst Rougemont. Won easily by a length and a half; a bad third. The winner was sold to Mr. Fitzroy for 240 guineas.

THE UNITED KINGDOM GRAND HANDICAP STEEPELCHASE of 20 sovs each, 10 ft; about 4 miles. 6 subs.

Mr. J. R. Riddell's ch h Spectre, by Cathedral, dam (1862) by Weatherbit—Leprosy, 1st 10lb (R. A. Anson) w.o. for its.

THE ADDISCOMBE HANDICAP STEEPELCHASE of 5 sovs each, with 50 added; about 2 miles. 5 subs.

Mr. Fowler Jones's br g Silvermere, by Warlock—Selina, aged, 1st 12st R. I. Anson 1

Mr. A. Yates's b g Longford, aged, 1st 12st Mr. R. Shepherd 2

Mr. E. Woodland's b m Purity, aged, 1st 11st Didman 3

Also ran: Dunois, aged, 1st 12st 7lb; Investment, aged, 1st 9lb.

Betting: 6 to 5 on Investment, 3 to 1 agst Silvermere, 7 to 1 agst Longford, and 10 to 1 agst Dunois. Won by a length; a bad third. The winner was not sold, and Mr. Yates claimed Investment.

SELLING HUNTERS' FLAT RACE of 5 sovs each, with 50 added; 2 miles. 7 subs.

Colonel Oliphant's b h Sir Walter, by Adventurer—Princess Royal, 5 yrs, 1st 10lb (R. I. Anson) Lord M. Beresford 1

Mr. Bracher's b m Doubtful, aged, 1st 12st 7lb (R. I. Anson) Mr. F. G. Hobson 2

Mr. Gregg's b c Birmingham, 4 yrs, 1st 10lb (R. I. Anson) Mr. Newman 3

Also ran: Hawkhead, aged, 1st 12st 7lb; Dennis, aged, 1st 12st 7lb (R. I. Anson); Purley, 6 yrs, 1st 12st 7lb; De Cambis, 6 yrs, 1st 12st 7lb (R. I. Anson).

Betting: Even on Sir Walter, 6 to 4 agst Miss Doubtful, 7 to 1 agst Hawkhead, and 10 to 1 agst any other. Won easily by twelve lengths; Birmingham was third. The winner was bought in for 300 guineas.

HANDICAP HURDLE RACE of 5 sovs each, with 100 added; one mile and a half, over six hurdles.

Mr. T. Stevens's b g Plebeian, by Brown Bread—Etelinda, 4 yrs, 1st 10lb Davis 1

Mr. N. H. Sadler's b h Don Ricardo, aged, 1st 12st 5lb J. Adams 2

Mr. W. Burton's b m Evening News, aged, 1st 12st 2lb J. Clark 3

Also ran: Mainmast, 4 yrs, 1st 12st 10lb (inc. 10lb ex); Knight of the Bath, 4 yrs, 1st 10lb.

Betting: 2 to 1 agst Don Ricardo, 5 to 2 agst Plebeian, and 3 to 1 agst Mainmast. Won in a canter by thirty lengths.

HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE AND GRAND MILITARY MEETING.

Stewards: Sir J. D. Astley, Bart.; Major-General Wardlaw, C.B.; Col. Conyers-Tower, C.B.; Cavalry Depot; Colonel Hale, 7th Hussars; Lieut.-Colonel Byrne, R.A.; Lieut.-Colonel Tyacke, 22nd Regiment; Lord Carrington, Royal Horse Guards; Colonel Nugent, Royal Scots Greys; Colonel Waller, Royal Fusiliers; and Lieut.-Colonel Harford, Scots Fusilier Guards. Hon. Secretary: Major Dixon. General Manager: Mr. A. H. Williams. Joint Secretaries: Messrs. Pratt and Barbrook. Clerk of the Scales: Mr. T. Lawley. Judge and Clerk of the Course: Mr. John Pratt. Starter: Major Dixon.

For very many years, except in 1871, the Grand Military has been held at Rugby, where the course is one of the best in the kingdom for steeple-chasing, but the *locale* is by no means a convenient one for the "soldiers" to muster at, so this year an arrangement was come to by Major Dixon with the Sandown authorities whereby the tents were on this occasion pitched at Sandown Park. Under these circumstances, the Household Brigade Meeting was amalgamated with the more general one, the same as in 1871, when the *venue* was the course near the Spital Barracks at Windsor.

FRIDAY.

THE FIRST LIFE GUARDS' CHALLENGE CUP, added to 10 sovs each, h ft, for hunters the property of and to be ridden by members of the First Life Guards' Club; the forfeits to the second; weight for age; about 3 miles. 6 subs.

Lord Waterford's gr g The Badger, by Young Touchstone—The Orphan, by Geraldus, 6 yrs, 1st 12st 7lb Mr. Mence 1

Captain C. Needham's br g Somerford, aged, 1st 12st 7lb Owner 2

Lord Waterford's ch g Suirdale, 5 yrs, 1st 12st Mr. Smith 3

Mr. J. G. Dunbar's Farnborough, 6 yrs, 1st 12st 7lb Owner 0

Mr. Higgins's Dolly Varden (h b), aged, 1st 12st 7lb (car 1st 10lb) Owner 0

Betting: 6 to 4 agst The Badger, 3 to 1 agst Farnborough, and 5 to 1 agst Dolly Varden. Won easily by twelve lengths. Suirdale was a bad third, and Dolly Varden walked in.

THE HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE CUP, value 250 sovs, added to 5 sovs each, 2 ft, weight for age, &c.; about 3 miles.

Colonel Ewart's ch h Zanzozee, by Orest—Keepsake, 5 yrs, 1st 12st 10lb Colonel Harford 1

Mr. J. G. Dunbar's Farnborough, 6 yrs, 1st 10lb Owner 2

Captain Ralph Vivian's b g Newcourt, 6 yrs, 1st 10lb Lord D. Gordon 3

Sir J. Lister-Kaye's Midnight, aged, 1st 12st 10lb Owner 0

Betting: Even on Zanzozee, and 5 to 4 agst Farnborough. Won in a canter by a length; bad third.

THE GRAND MILITARY HUNTERS' STAKES of 5 sovs each, 2 ft (to the second), for hunters, with a purse added from the fund, and 50 sovs from Sandown Park Club; weight for age; 2 miles. 14 subs.

Lord Torphichen's b m Alcyone, by Fitz-Roland—Typhoon, 6 yrs, 1st 12st 4lb Mr. W. H. Johnstone 1

Mr. A. Crofton's br g Escape, aged, 1st 12st 4lb Owner 2

Mr. C. Hammond's br m Sweetbread, 6 yrs, 1st 12st 4lb Mr. W. B. Morris 3

Mr. Vincent's Countess (h b), aged, 1st 12st 4lb Owner 0

Betting: 7 to 4 on Alcyone, and 3 to 1 agst Sweetbread. Won in a canter by four lengths; a bad third; Countess beaten off.

THE GRAND MILITARY GOLD CUP, value 100 guineas, added to 16 sovs each, h ft, with 150 added; weight for age; the second received 20 sovs, and the third saved stake; about 3 miles. 24 subs.

Mr. F. Fitzroy's br h Chilblain, by Jack Frost—Grand Duchess, aged, 1st 12st 7lb Mr. W. B. Morris 1

Mr. A. Crofton's bl g Admiral, 5 yrs, 1st 12st 3lb Owner 2

Captain Stirling's ch g Royal Charlie, 6 yrs, 1st 12st 10lb Hon. E. Willoughby 3

Duke of Montrose's Broth of a Boy, 4 yrs, 1st 12st 7lb Captain Seaton 0

Sir J. Lister-Kaye's Sincere, aged, 1st 12st 7lb (car 1st 9lb) Owner 0

Mr. C. E. Swaine's Revenge, aged, 1st 12st 7lb Mr. D. H. Johnstone 0

Captain Abbott's Au Bac, aged, 1st 12st 7lb Mr. Alexander 0

Mr. W. Keville-Davis's Lothair (late Fenian), aged, 1st 12st 7lb Mr. T. J. Roche 0

Colonel Byrne's Ludonais, 6 yrs, 1st 12st 10lb Lord D. Gordon 0

Mr. H. Dalbys's bl g (ped unknown), aged, 1st 12st 7lb Owner 0

Betting: Even on Chilblain, 4 to 1 agst Revenge, 5 to 1 agst Admiral, 6 to 1 agst Royal Charlie, and 10 to 1 agst Ludonais. When fairly in the line for home Au Bac was done with, and Broth of a Boy drew up to the leader (Chilblain), but fell at the first hurdle, and Admiral, heading Royal Charlie, challenged Chilblain, but could never get up, and was easily defeated by a length and half; a bad third. Revenge was fourth, Lothair fifth, and Au Bac sixth. Ludonais walked in.

TURFIANA.

THE Stud Company are determined to retain the reputation so early gained for enterprise and liberality, and accordingly when it was found that certain yearlings of the late Count Renard's were shortly to be disposed of, they despatched their manager to the wilds of Silesia, with orders to bring back the "pick of the basket," should prices not rule exorbitantly high. After numerous adventures Mr. Bell reached his destination in safety, and soon had the pleasure of telegraphing back the happy results of his mission, undertaken under almost equal difficulties as that of General Ignatief, and requiring almost as great diplomatic adroitness. Out of the 16 yearlings offered for sale, four are now *en route* for Cobham, where we hope to see them shortly, and they will doubtless prove features in the forthcoming June sale. One is by Cambuscan, out of Vesta (the dam of Vespasian) and another by Blue Gown from Contadina (dam of King Hal and other good ones), so that our own blood is returning to us with a vengeance, and as it is as popular as it is well known, the speculation is pretty sure to turn out a profitable one. At Cobham they are getting rather a high proportion of fillies to colts at present, but the manager's eyes have been recently comforted by the appearance of a capital colt by Blain Athol, from Ladylike (the dam of Rosebery), and they have every reason to be satisfied with the first fruits of Carnival and George Frederick. We hear rather dispiriting reports concerning Galopin, many of his mares being barren, and this is doubtless the reason why his subscription has remained open so long. The cause, we

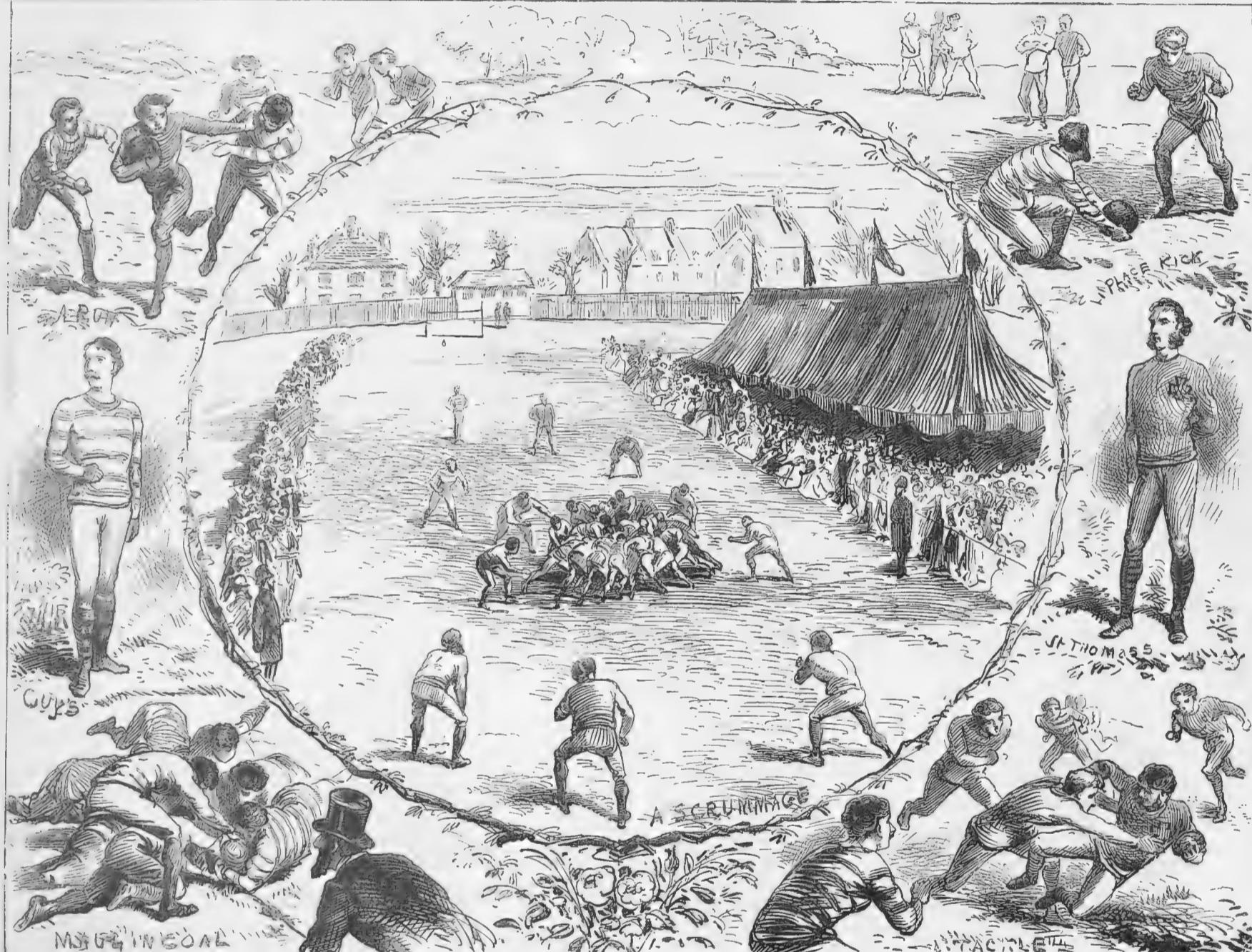
fancy, is not very far to seek, and furnishes another instance of the tendency to overtax the powers of young stallions, but we have no doubt all will come right in the end. A severe strain is, we hear, the reason of the temporary withdrawal of St. Albans, but it is not of so serious a nature as to render it probable that his services will be altogether lost to the stud.

The disgraceful "horse painting" business at Wolverhampton is a sort of miniature "Running Rein case," but in place of General Peel and Lord George Bentinck, we had the Jockey Club prosecuting, and a couple of "farmer chaps" enacting the rôle of Goody Levy. As Mr. Justice Lindley remarked, "a more nefarious case of its kind had never been brought before a court;" yet the terms of imprisonment inflicted seem inordinately mild, and it will be but nine months before the worst offender is once more at large, and at liberty to concoct other "little games" to his own advantage. We trust that both culprits may be summarily ostracised by the Jockey Club, who deserve the thanks of the racing community for taking up and carrying through the prosecution. The trick must have been very clumsily performed, as it was quickly "tumbled to" by Mr. Howett, and it is a pity that the Exeter Hall anti-turf party should have omitted to improve the occasion by a high-moral tone sort of tract, tracing the finger of Providence in the down-pour which annihilated the effects of caustic on the mare's nose. Let us hope that we have heard the last of these wretched "gangrenes," which drag a noble sport through the mire, and cause suspicion to attach to everything connected with its followers, be they never so free from the defilement of the pitch they have dared to touch.

It is not often that we are called upon to place upon record any

facts in connection with lady supporters of the turf, but the late Baroness Mayer de Rothschild was a breeder in more than name, evincing the most lively interest in the fine stud under Markham's charge at Mentmore, and taking counsel with the head of affairs upon all matters of importance in connection with its management. There is so much racing blood in the great Hebrew family, that we need not entertain any fear of so interesting and lucrative a pursuit being given up, and the prices realised for the Mentmore yearlings for the last season or two have been a "caution." One of the finest collection of blood sires in the country is that which includes Macaroni and Favonius, those distinguished pillars of the house of Sweetmeat, the venerable King Tom and his son Restitution; to say nothing of Carnelian and other promising sires.

The popularity of the Grand National Hunt Steeplechase would appear to be on the wane, as only a paltry half dozen could be found to face the starter, almost the smallest number of competitors on record since the establishment of the race seventeen years since. On the first occasion thirty-one runners were telegraphed, and its palmy days saw monster fields and proportionately large attendances. The Bear came home a very clever winner, and then we saw I'Anson bringing Palm along for the hurdle race, but it was rather a tight fit at last, and the favourite was not even placed. Worcester also held its spring gathering with much the same success as usual; indeed, there were more people present there than at Cottenham, despite the more solid attraction in Cambridgeshire, and the rumour of Royal patronage, which, however, could not be accorded to the meeting. The Prince of Wales has lately been making a series of visits to



INTER-HOSPITAL CHALLENGE CUP.—GUY'S v. ST. THOMAS.

our most famous hunting centres, and has been favoured with fair average sport, and though the Royal colours (which have figured on Messrs. Weatherby's register for some time), have never been unfurled, there can be no doubt that the Prince's heart beats true to the cause, which has found more than one regal supporter in times past.

As regards the great races at Lincoln and Liverpool, we have a few last words to say, but as there will probably be many chops and changes before they come to be decided, we can only hint at the most genuine candidates, and make our selection accordingly. For neither Petrarch nor Poursuivant have we ever entertained any especial fancy, doubting the temper of the one and the ability of the other, but backers of Lord Dupplin's horse may reap consolation from the fact, that if he runs it is sure to be with winning orders, for no one out of Colney Hatch would be rash enough to muddle a great winner about in handicaps, until his value as a stud horse is reduced by about one half. Our original choice, Bruce, has been one of the steadiest horses in the market since books were opened on the race, and we know him to be a real good horse, not altogether unfavourably weighted. As a two-year-old, he gave every promise of ripening into a stayer of sufficient calibre to compass the Lincoln distance; and next to him we esteem the chance of Lollypop, who, after all the ups and downs experienced by Blanton's candidates, is likely enough to be the trusted one at last. Touchet has come with a rattle, but we feel pretty certain of Bruce's superiority, and shall give an undivided vote to the Bedford Lodge candidate, leaving Lollypop, and the best of the Osbornes' lot to be close up at the finish. For the Brocklesby Stakes *Fair Penitent* is highly thought of, and should

be followed if supported in the right quarter, and the result of this race may possibly foreshadow that of the Cup. On the downfall of Chando, *Regal* became our Liverpool champion, and if we venture to name him as the winner, with a suggestion not to let *Palm* run quite loose, we may not be far off the mark. The remaining stakes had better be left alone until the probable starters are known, but we shall expect to see fewer mistakes made than usual, owing to the open weather, which has given trainers the chance to prepare their horses without hurry, thus affording more reliable ground for their "previous examinations."

SKYLARK.

MR. STREETER, the eminent goldsmith, of New Bond-street, who recently published a work on Gold, which has been accepted as an authority by the Government, and sent to the judges, all the justices of the peace in London, and to many other officials, has now in the press a work on Precious Stones and Gems. It will be illustrated with colored engravings, showing the precious stones in their matrices and in their native state. The work will be published at Easter by Chapman and Hall, Piccadilly, London.—*Daily Paper*.

A droll sight may be expected at Lillie-bridge on the boat-race day. Gangs of men, beginning with fifty, are to pull against an elephant. The Coldstreams are to play polo down there this season.

THE SOUTH LINCOLNSHIRE STEEPELCHASE MEETING.—In our advertisement column will be found full particulars of the above meeting, which will take place at Holbeach, Lincolnshire, on Monday, April 16.

HUNTING THE RHINOCEROS.

THE rhinoceros, with its curiously massive and unwieldy proportions, if not absolutely ferocious, is no mean antagonist to tackle in its native wilds. Neither the lion nor the tiger care much about invading the territory of the rhinoceros, upon the thick "cudgel-proof" skin of which even their powerful claws and teeth could make but little impression. Its hearing and sense of smell are very acute, its simple prehensile teeth are admirably adapted for killing and rending, its actions when roused to anger are startlingly violent, and altogether it is extremely difficult and dangerous of approach. It is only by drawing near the rhinoceros from the leeward that the hunter has any chance of coming up with the beast to get a shot at him, and in so doing his progress must be of the most cautious and quiet description. If unmounted it behoves the sportsman to preserve all his coolness and presence of mind, for, when furious, it is not easy to escape the wild impetuosity of this savage animal's charge. Luckily for him the powerful beast is not as quick of sight as it is of sense and hearing. Mr. Bradley in his recent work on travel and sport in Burmah, Siam, and the Malay Peninsula, published by Tinsley, describes very forcibly the dangers of hunting these formidable beasts, one of which was killed with considerable difficulty, taking no less than seven well planted bullets into his heavy carcass before he was brought to his knees. In Burmah the rhinoceros does serious damage in the rice and maize fields, where they destroy far more than they devour, and in that country they are often hunted with elephants, from the backs of which the huntsmen discharge their pieces.

OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.

BEFORE proceeding with my regular business (which upon this occasion is little more than to criticise the greatly improved programme of the Strand Theatre), I am constrained to make a few remarks upon certain irregular phenomena lately apparent in the theatrical heavens. By many it will doubtless be urged that



amateur performances of the kind do good rather than harm to the dramatic profession. I have heard a deal of nonsense talked lately about the superior tone which these titled and otherwise socially distinguished amateur players infuse into their representations. That some of them are very



good actors cannot be denied. But it is quite absurd to set them up as examples for the improvement of professional players. The histrionic art is one not to be acquired in drawing-rooms, and the greatest histrions have only arrived at

excellence through the difficult paths of struggling obscurity. Were the "distinguished amateurs" to be subjected to the test of absolute and continuous publicity on an equal footing with the profession, their utter insufficiency would be speedily apparent. Such performances are creditable and interesting in their proper place. The announcement upon a playbill that the Lady Adelines and Alices, the Honourable This-and-That, or Sir So-and-So, Bart., will strut their little hour upon the stage is certain to fill a West-end theatre, even at double prices, with a crowd who go with any other desire than that of enjoying a good play well acted. They rush thither merely to gaze upon or to rub elbows with the titled ornaments of "Sussiety." To my mind, among the amateurs, the Hon. Mrs. Monckton is alone qualified to take a responsible position in the theatrical profession. If Mr. Hollingshead could engage her as his "leading lady," he might remove a notable blank in his otherwise excellent company. But to sum up, these amateur performances, from a public as well as an artistic point of view, are quite as objectionable as the placing upon the "line" in the Royal Academy of mediocre pictures by aristocratic amateurs, while works of finished excellence by professional artists are to be seen "skyed" all round.

The Strand Theatre, after a long period of languishment, has bloomed again into its pristine brightness. The cause of this welcome improvement is two-fold. In the first place, the laughter-compelling comedian, Mr. John S. Clarke, with a new part that fits him accurately in a piece which, if not new, is as good as new, because quite forgotten by the present generation of playgoers, satisfactorily supplies the main portion of the evening's entertainment, while the happy inspiration which brought Gilbert's *Trial by Jury* to this house is responsible for providing an after-piece unsurpassed for drollery and witty extravagance. Of Mr.

which has attended *Trial by Jury* at the Strand is proof that the vitality of this clever extravaganza is not one whit exhausted. As now cast, the piece is in many respects better acted than I have yet seen it; albeit the drollery which upon its first production was rendered so much more intense by the serious gravity with



which the performers went through the legal travesty, is now given in the wildest and most abandoned spirit of burlesque. As the learned judge, Mr. J. G. Taylor (whom I regret to learn is leaving London again) is quaintly excellent. Miss Lottie Venne is the best plaintiff we have seen play the part. Mr. Harry Cox, as the usher, made up in resemblance of a well-known Bow-



Tom Taylor's new-old piece, entitled *Babes and Beetles*, I must at least say that, although not displaying any special merits of dialogue, characterisation, or plot, it is well put together, and sufficiently bright and interesting not to weary the spectator. In these days of vague, invertebrate adaptations this much praise is a good deal. The main figure in *Babes and Beetles* is, of course, Jeremiah Beetles, otherwise Mr. John S. Clarke. Upon him devolves the entire farcical element of the play, which, indeed, occupies a great portion of it. As the wife-afflicted, good-hearted, ridiculous husband of a truculent female who lets lodgings, this comical actor manages to give a considerable variety of expression to his drollery. In the first act, where he makes his exit backwards over a cheese, and in the last act, where he is sitting as a model in the character of a brigand, he is equally laughter-moving. Altogether, it must be said that Mr. J. S. Clarke has added another highly comical figure to his collection of farce heroes. And Beetles is an amusing variation upon his well-known range of comic characters. The serious interest of *Babes and Beetles* is pretty enough. In revision, the author has very judiciously improved upon his original play (formerly called by the pantomime title, *Babes in the Wood*). He has, if I mistake not, shortened it considerably in parts. In the comedy parts of Lady Blanche Rushton, Miss Lottie Venne is to be congratulated upon her advance beyond burlesque; she plays the part charmingly. As Frank Rushton, Mr. W. H. Vernon is as usual light and easy. Miss Sallie Turner, as Mrs. Beetles, supports the leading comedian so well, that she becomes equally funny sometimes. Mr. J. H. Turner, a veteran actor, touches pathos in the part of old Lord Lazenby; and Mr. Grahame goes through the somewhat colourless part of Sir George Loosestrap in a gentlemanly manner. Altogether, *Babes and Beetles* is an entertaining addition to Mr. J. S. Clarke's ordinary programme. The success



street functionary, is broadly comic. The jury, headed by Mr. Penley as foreman, is as provokingly funny as ever. M. Marius is a lively defendant; both he and Mr. Parry (counsel for the plaintiff) sing their music well. The bridesmaids are pretty and efficient. The old piece of the *Dowager*, which holds the first place in the bill, and in which Miss Ada Swanborough appears, I was not in time to see.

MR. SLEIGH'S SCHOOL OF DRAMATIC ART.

WE recently had the pleasure of witnessing at Ripon House, Woburn-place, on a tasteful little stage belonging to Mr. Charles Sleigh's School of Dramatic Art, a very enjoyable evening's entertainment. The play performed on this occasion was Mr. Tom Taylor's *Unequal Match*. Miss Emma Welshman, F.S.D.A., in the character of Hester Grazebrook, played throughout with extreme care and real ability, displaying a degree of promise which augurs a brilliant future. Mr. G. Winsborrow, as Blenkinsop, was unaffected and natural. Mr. Crofton made a satisfactory Sir Sowerby, and Mr. J. Ellinson realised the fussy self-important little doctor, Botcherby, to the life. Miss Lillie Compton, as Bessie Hebblethwaite, had evidently studied ladies' maids from nature, with a keen perception of their more common characteristics, so ably did she depict them, and Miss Davidson was also very good as Lady Curlewis. If the school may be judged by the progress of its pupils, and we know no better test, Mr. Sleigh's School of Dramatic Art is one of great excellence.

WITH extreme regret we announce the serious illness of Miss Nelly Power.

MR. GEORGE OWEN has been selected by the Directors and shareholders of the Leicester Theatre Royal, as their future lessee, in September, vice Mr. Elliot Galer, who opens the opera house. Mr. George Owen is no stranger in Leicester, and we believe his ensuing season will be the tenth in The Leicester "Royal." His re-election to the post of honour (and, shall we say in many cases, danger?) by a large body of inhabitants, is at once creditable, and a *bona fide* evidence of mutual good feeling in the past and hope in the future.

PIGEON SHOOTING.

THE GUN CLUB, NOTTING-HILL.—Owing to the counter attraction of the Sandown Park Meeting on Saturday the attendance at the club grounds on Wormwood Scrubs was not so large as it otherwise would have been; but amongst the dozen members that assembled a capital afternoon's shooting took place. The chief event decided was a £3 Handicap, at six birds each, for which seven contended; but in consequence of the excellent pigeons supplied by Mrs. Offer not one of the competitors succeeded in killing all the allotted number, and on the conclusion of the sixth round a tie was declared between Captain W. Forester Leighton, Mr. J. Davies, and Mr. Cholmondeley Pennell. On shooting off the last-named gentleman won the pool (£21) by killing six out of seven. Several minor handicaps were also decided, the first, an optional sweepstakes at three birds each, with 11 entries, and worth £15, was secured by Mr. Seaton, killing six; the second, value £11, was taken by Mr. J. Davies, who brought down three, the third, a £10 prize, was divided between Mr. Charlton Adams and Mr. Charles Seaton, after grassing four each; the fourth was won by Mr. Digby Cayley, who took £8 after killing five; the fifth was divided between Mr. Charles Seaton and Mr. J. Davies; and the sixth between Mr. Digby Cayley and Mr. Cholmondeley Pennell.

THE International Grounds at Preston, near Brighton, were well attended on Monday, and the weather was fine. Several £1 Sweepstakes at three birds each were decided, the chief winners being Baron Falkenhausen, 27 yards, who killed during the afternoon 23 rocks out of 33; Mr. Humphries, 26 yards, killing 21 out of 31; Mr. Croxton Johnson, 26 yards, 13 out of 19; Captain Crosbie Yecombe, 27 yards, 15 out of 27; Mr. Charles Seaton, 26 yards, 18 out of 29; Mr. R. Stephenson, 26 yds, 17 out of 28; Mr. G. Foster 24 yards, 12 out of 22; Mr. J. Beard, 25 yards, 9 out of 20; and Mr. Pelham, 26 yards, 6 out of 14.

STUD NEWS.

Bonehill Paddocks, Tamworth: The following mares have arrived to Pero Gomez:—February 1, Mr. Alexander's Locket, in foal to the Speaker; February 5, Mr. Weever's Prosperity, in foal to Distin; February 6, the Glasgow Stud: Sister to General Peel, in foal to St. Albans; Adelaide, and Sister to Adelaide, and Flighty's dam, barren. February 16, Baron Rothschild's Hippolyta, in foal to Pero Gomez; February 20, the Glasgow Stud: Flurry, in foal to Stratheon; and their Patchwork, in foal to Orest; February 21, the Duke of Beaufort's Crytheia, in foal to Musket, and his Ischia barren. The following mares have foaled at Bonehill Paddocks: February 10, Mr. Weever's Prosperity, a chestnut colt by Distin; February 19, the Glasgow Stud: Sister to General Peel, a bay colt by St. Albans; February 21, the Bonehill Stud: Coup de Grace, a bay filly by Pero Gomez; Alhambra, a bay filly by Pero Gomez; February 25, Vainglorious slipped a colt foal to Distin. All the above mares will be put to Pero Gomez; as also Nightjar, by Wild Dayrell; Charade, by Stockwell; Bargain, by Barnton; Happy Thought, by Thunderbolt; and Hilarity, by King Tom (maiden); February 10, Mr. Weaver's Prosperity, a chestnut colt by Distin; February 19, the Glasgow Stud's Sister to General Peel, a brown colt by St. Albans; February 22, the Bonehill Stud's Coup de Grace, a bay filly by Pero Gomez; 23, Alhambra, a bay filly by Pero Gomez; 27th, My Lady, a brown colt by Musket. March 6, Mr. Alexander's Locket, a chestnut filly by The Speaker. All the above mares have been put to Pero Gomez. On March 5, the Duke of Beaufort's Crytheia, a brown colt by Musket, and will be put to Pero Gomez; March 9, the Glasgow Stud's Patchwork, a chestnut colt by Orest, and will be put to Pero Gomez; March 10, the Bonehill Stud's Nightingale, a brown colt by Pero Gomez, and will be put to him again; March 14, Hollandaise, a bay filly by Musket, and will be put to Pero Gomez, to whom also has arrived Mr. Weaver's Lulu, dam of Acrobat and Bill of Fare, Moselle, and Pemmican's dam.

At Mentmore, Feb. 17, the Duke of Hamilton's Fair Agnes, a brown filly by Babilon, and will be put to King Tom; 17th, the Mentmore Stud mare by North Lincoln, dam by Parmesan, out of Breeze, a bay filly, died three days old. The mare will be put to Restitution again. Arrived to Macaroni:—Mr. Snarry's

Polly Agnes, the Royal Stud's Lampeto. To Favonius:—Mr. Waring's Suzette. To Restitution:—Mr. Totham's Magdala.

At Aske, Feb. 3rd, Lord Scarborough's Adventuress, a brown filly by Silvester, and put to King Lud; 12th, Mr. Williamson's Lu-Lu, a bay filly by Albert Victor and will be put to him again; 17th, Lord Zetland's Myosotis, a bay filly by King Lud and put to him again. The following mares have arrived to King Lud:—Mr. Swanwick's Pampaluna, Lord Durham's Rambange, and Mr. Howett's Gem-of-Gems and Merry Bells, Lord Zetland's Flotilla, Blanchfleur, and Castellamanie.

Sheffield Lane Paddocks, Sheffield.—Lady Diana foaled bay filly, February 27, to Adventurer, and will be put to him again; Miss Marian foaled a chestnut colt, March 2, to Favonius, and will be put to Adventurer; Cantinere foaled a chestnut colt, March 5, to Adventurer, and will be put to him again; Fairy Queen foaled a chestnut filly, March 6, to Doncaster, and will be put to Adventurer; Mr. J. Osborne's Muddle, in foal to Adventurer, and to be put to him again. Foaled: Last Love, br filly to Pretender, and has been to him again; Dame Marion, a chestnut colt to Adventurer, and will be put to Pretender; Lina, the dam of Plunger, foaled a chestnut colt to Mandrake, March 11; Bell Heather foaled a bay filly to Pretender, March 12; Lady Ripon foaled a chestnut colt to Mandrake, March 12.

Woodlands Stud, Knitsley Station, County Durham.—Mr. Haswell Stephenson's July (dam of Vale Royal, and many other winners) br filly by Idus, and will be put to Macgregor; Maggie (Activity's dam), a br colt by Macgregor, and will be put to him again; Jennie, by Newminster, a b c by Stentor, and will be put to Argyle; Mr. W. Berry's Ready Money, by Robert de Gorham, twins by Idus, and waits orders; Mr. G. G. Taylor Smith's Club Queen, by Lemington, a br filly by Macgregor, and will be put to him again. Arrived to Macgregor: Mr. Parson's Sheila, Mr. W. Brown's Ambuscade, by Rataplan; Mr. Frizzle's Curfew, by Newminster; Capt. Bayley's Green Gown, by Solon. Arrived to Idus: Mr. Fetherley's mare, name unknown; Mr. W. Brown's Callipedia, by Caractacus. Arrived to Argyle: Mr. Jacob Annett's Prah, by The Miner; and Red Hind, by Breadalbane. Mr. Van Haansbergen's Rona, by Lord of the Isles, a chestnut filly by Macgregor, and will be put to him again; Isabel, by Hobbie Noble, a bay filly by Macgregor, and will be put to Argyle; Mr. Heslop's mare by Kettledrum out of Lady Anne a chestnut colt by Stentor, and will be put to Argyle. Arrived to Macgregor:—Mr. W. Brown's Jealousy, by Underhand (in foal to Macgregor), and his mare by Rataplan out of Lioness: Mr. W. Ord's mare by Buccaneer out of Bonnie Bee: Sir P. Nugent's Finesse, by Caractacus (in foal to Macgregor). Arrived to Idus:—Mr. Van Haansbergen's Wilful, by Rataplan, and Mr. W. Brown's Callipedia, by Caractacus; Mr. Johnson's Evening Star, by Newminster, and La Jeunesse, by Thormanby. Arrived to Argyle:—Mr. Heslop's Lady Anne, Mr. Van Haansbergen's Etoile du Nord, by Touchstone, and Jennie, by Newminster. Mr. Henry Annett's Lady Graham, by Yellow Jack, a brown colt by Idus, and waits orders.

The Stud Company (Limited), Cobham, Surrey.—March 2, Mr. F. Noakes's Aspasia a colt by Wilberforce, and will be put to Caterer; March 3, Mr. R. Combe's Columba a filly by Alvarez, and will be put to Blair Athol; the Stud Company's Chiffonnier a colt by Carnival (this mare died a few hours after foaling); March 4, the Stud Company's Merlette a filly by Carnival, and will be put to Blair Athol's March 5, Mr. C. Blanton's Lady Sophie (dam of Scamp) a colt by The Rake, and will be put to Carnival; Mr. W. S. Cartwright's mare, by Ely—Garnish, a filly by Albert Victor, and will be put to Caterer; March 6, Lord Rosslyn's Ravenswing a colt by Macaroni, and will be put to Blue Gown; the Stud Company's Fricandeau a filly by Carnival, and will be put to George Frederick. Arrived to Carnival: March 2, Mr. R. Peck's Eureka. Arrived to Blue Gown: March 6, Mr. G. Low's Bonn Accord, in foal to George Frederick. March 8, Mr. Richard Combe's Cauldron, a filly by Alvarez, and will be put to Carnival; 11th, Mr. E. C. Kersey's Madame Angot, a colt by Y. Trumpeter, and will be put to Caterer; the Stud Company's Mrs. Naggleton, a filly by King of the Forest, and will be put to George Frederick; the Stud Company's Foible, a filly by Wild Oats, and will be put to him again; 12th, Mr. F. Andre's Bumblekite, a filly by Albert Victor, and will be put to Blue Gown; the Stud Company's Ladylike, (dam of Rosebery) a colt by Blair Athol, and will be put to Blue Gown; 13th, the Stud Company's So

Glad, a colt by Favonius, and will be put to Carnival; 14th, Mr. W. S. Cartwright's Victoria Alexandra, a filly by Carnival, and will be put to Blue Gown; the Stud Company's Miss Ida, a filly by Blair Athol, and will be put to Blue Gown. Arrived to Blair Athol:—March 13, Mr. W. S. Sterling Craufurd's Mayonaise, in foal to Parmesan. To Blue Gown: Mr. A. Taylor's Hetty, in foal to St. Albans.

Neasham Hall Stud Farm.—February 12, Mr. Cookson's Jenny Diver, by Buccaneer, a filly by Palmer; February 28, White Squall, by Buccaneer, a filly by Macaroni; Side View, a colt by Macgregor, and Alarum, a colt by Kingcraft. These mares will be put to Leolinus, to whom have arrived Mr. Wood's Queen Bee, by Kettledrum, Mr. Hall's Opopanax, Mr. Warry's Athelney, and Symmetrical, in foal to Distin, Mr. Surtees's Thais, and Mr. Thompson's Lady Lampton. March 5, Mr. Howe's Satin, a filly by Spennithorn, she will be put to Kaiser, as also Simla, in foal to Lecturer, and Mr. Wells's bay mare. To Atherton: Mr. Surtees's Athenais, by Blair Athol, in foal to Speculum.

Beenham House Stud Farm.—Mr. Albolse's Atrocity, a bay colt (on 5th inst.), by Caterer, and will be put to King of the Forest. Arrived to King of the Forest: Captain Bayley's Marquise de Caux, Mr. Cookson's Forecast and Methagnel, Mr. Johnstone's Lady Flora and Performer, Mr. R. Porter's Gitana, Mr. J. Porter's La Neva, Mr. A. Taylor's Queen Mab and Free Kirk, Mr. T. E. Walker's Solitude and Wild Fowl. Mr. Cookson's Methagnel, a bay filly (on the 12th inst.), by Cardinal York, and will be put to King of the Forest. Arrivals to King of the Forest:—Sir F. Johnstone's Castalia, Lord Hardwicke's Adelina, Mr. Freeman's Villegiature (and foal by Frogmore), Mr. Craven's Comady, and Mr. J. W. Hawtrey's Little Woman (and colt by King of the Forest).

Moorlands Stud Farm, York.—February 21, Major Stapylton's Princess (dam of Syrian, Speranza, &c.), a bay filly, by Speculum, and will be put to him again; February 23, Lord Falmouth's Zingarella, a brown filly, by Macaroni, and will be put to Knight of the Garter; February 25, Mr. H. W. Cholmley's Carnation, a chestnut filly, by Meteor, and will be put to Speculum; February 28, Mr. Etches's Celibacy, a bay colt, by Queen's Messenger, and will be put to Knight of the Garter; March 1, Lord Falmouth's Nike (dam of the Flirt), a bay colt, by Vedette, and will be put to Knight of the Garter; same day, Lord Calthorpe's La Gama, a brown filly, by Knight of the Garter, and will be put to him again; March 2, Mr. Thompson's Memento (dam of Keepsake), a chestnut colt by King Lud, and will be put to Vanderdecken; March 3, Lord Rosslyn's Clementina, a brown filly, by Vanderdecken, and will be put to Knight of the Garter; same day, Mr. M. Brown's Flighty, a brown filly, by Knight of the Garter, and will be put to him again. Arrivals:—To Speculum: Mr. W. Blenkiron's Maypole, in foal to Restitution; Everlasting, in foal to Highlander, and his Dora, in foal to Sauter; Lord Ellemere's Hurricane, barren, and Captain Davison's Madam Colorado, in foal to Speculum. To Knight of the Garter: Mr. Robert Osborne's Piercy in foal to Carnival; Lord Lonsdale's Annie, in foal to Disturbance, and his lordship's Silkstone, in foal; Mr. Jennings's Secret Treasure (dam of Treasure Trove, &c.), barren; Major Stapylton's Speranza, maiden, and Lord Calthorpe's Grizette, barren. To Vanderdecken: Mr. Robert Osborne's Fair Agnes, in foal to Albert Victor; Mr. Norfolk's Maidenhair, barren; mare, by Blair Athol, with colt at foot, by Speculum; Mr. Smallwood's Empress (dam of York), with filly at foot, by Albert Victor; and the three following mares, the property of Mr. John Miller, all in foal to Landmark, Lambda (dam of Omega), Omicron, and Pi. To Reverberation: Mr. Jennings's Young Treasure, by Rataplan out of Secret Treasure, barren.

Mentmore.—March 2, the Mentmore Stud's Bay Rosalind, a bay colt, by Restitution, and will be put to him again; March 4, Mr. A. Sothern's Magdala, a bay colt, by Restitution, and will be put to him again; March 7, the Duke of Westminster's Lady Blanche, a chestnut filly, by Cremorne, and will be put to Macaroni; same day, Mr. Carew Gibson's Miss Glasgow, a bay colt, by Paganini, and will be put to Macaroni; March 8, Mr. Houldsworth's Sunshine, a bay filly, by King Tom, and will be put to Macaroni. Arrived to King Tom: Mr. Batt's Nella.

A statement published by two of our sporting contemporaries to the effect that Lord St. Vincent has sold his greyhound Conster to go to Australia is incorrect.

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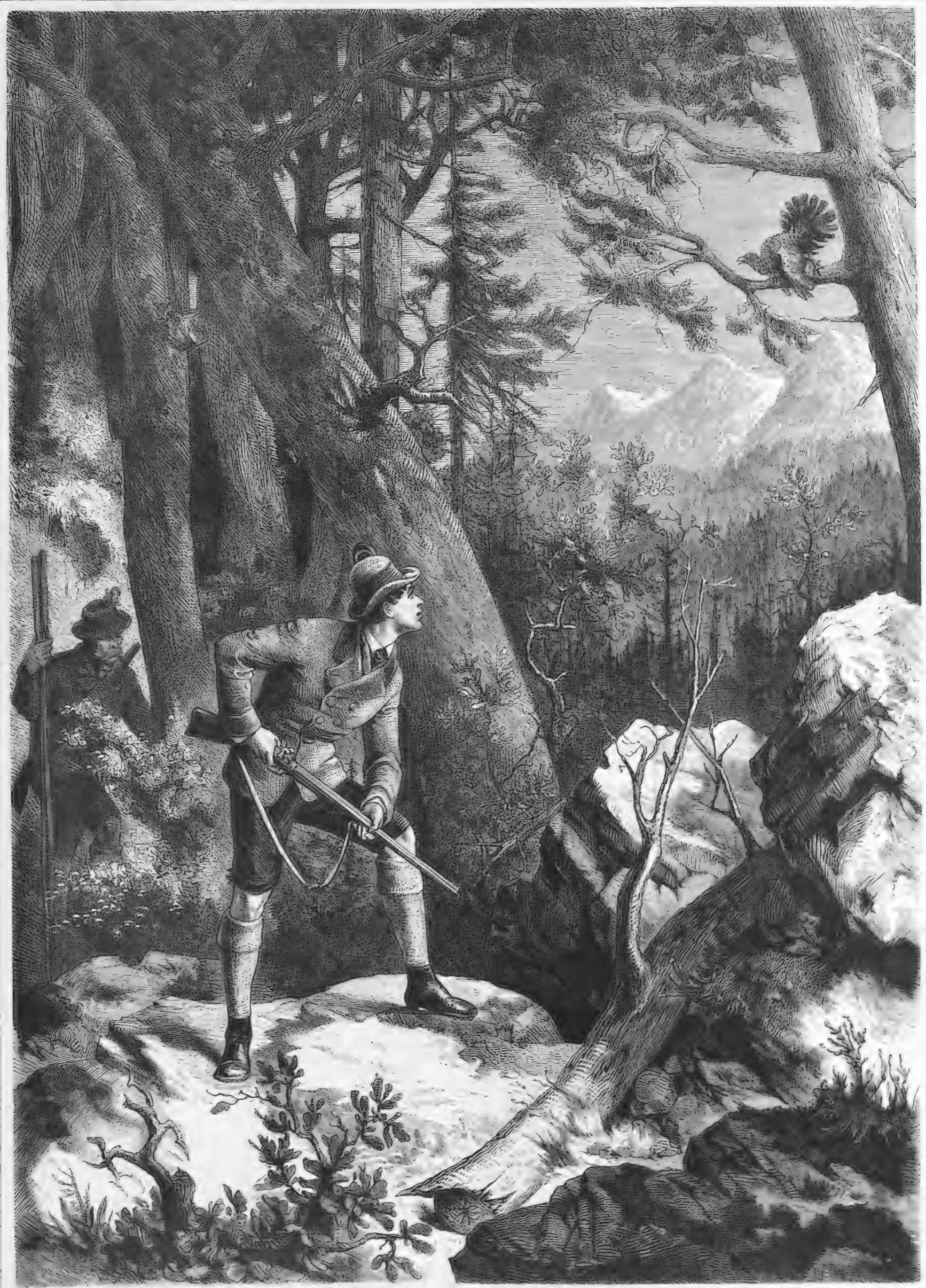
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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SPORTING.

X.—Goodwood Races were established in 1802, and owed their origin to a meeting got up in the spring of the previous year by members of the Duke of Richmond's Hunt, and the officers of the Sussex Militia.

DRAMATIC.

A. A. M.—The Hindus never appropriated any of their buildings to public entertainments, and could not, therefore, have had any elaborated scenic or mechanical stage arrangements. It appears from some of their dramas that in the palaces of their kings a chamber was expressly fitted up as the Sangita Salá, the music saloon, in which dancing and singing were practised. Wandering companies of actors appear to have been common in India at a very early date.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—(1) The sketches were not up to our standard.

(2) To the best of our recollection, No.

W. E.—George Colman received a thousand pounds for his comedy of *John Bull*, which had a then extraordinary run of forty-seven nights, and realised a profit of ten thousand pounds.

S. S. W.—John Kemble's library was sold by auction in 1820, by Mr. Cox, Pall Mall. It contained a choice collection of old play-bills, theatrical advertisements, and many old plays. Some of the most curious of the works then distributed are now in the Guildhall free library, which is open daily.

J. PRICE.—Richard Cumberland, the dramatist, was born at Cambridge on the 5th of February, O.S. 1732. His father, Denison Cumberland, was a London citizen, and his grandfather was the Bishop of Peterborough. His mother—the Phoebe of Byron's *Pastoral*—was the sister of Dr. Richard Bentley, the famous critical writer, mentioned by Swift in his "Battle of the Books." His first dramatic work was *The Banishment of Cicero*.

V. Y. X.—No, the correct reading is—

"Augurs, and understood relations, have

By 'magot-pies.'

Not magpies. Before the days of John Kemble—who restored the true reading—many actors, being of your opinion, in the place of maggot-pies, used to read "Magpies," though the blank verse halted for it. Kemble was ridiculed for the restoration by those who could not conceive what stale pastry had to do with augury.

MISCELLANEOUS.

R. C. D. (Barnsbury).—Thanks; but our arrangements are already made.

WASHINGTON.—Thomas Carlyle was born in 1795, at the hamlet of Ecclefechan, near Dumfriesshire. His father was a mason, or builder in a small way of business, who afterwards became a farmer, a man noted for his uprightness and wisdom. Thomas was first educated at the parish school of Annan, but making unsatisfactory progress there, he was afterwards placed under the care of an elderly clergyman, and rapidly advancing, went to Edinburgh University, probably in 1813. He was training for the pulpit, when he determined to adopt literature as a profession, in 1822. His earliest writings were contributed to Brewster's "Edinburgh Encyclopædia."

A. C. C. W.—Jack Sheppard had a brother who was transported for theft.

ARTHUR BRINGTON.—The shilling was anciently a Saxon coin; but the Saxon pound was literally a pound of money, that is to say, it consisted of as many pieces of money as would weigh a pound troy.

R. J.—Hostler is a term derived from hosteller, which originally meant the keeper of the hostel, a word which has since been converted into hotel as hosteller has into hostler, a name which is now not that of the landlord, but one of his servants.

C. B.—It was John Leyton, groom to King James I., and the incident will be found in Drayton's *History of York*. He mounted his horse and set out on the 20th of May, 1606, from Aldersgate, and reached York before it was dark; returned in the same time on the following day and repeated the feat on the four successive days following. Taking into account the state of the roads in those days, the ride was a truly extraordinary one, the difficulties of which are only to be understood by those who know all the hard facts which must have been associated with such a journey.

FARMER says he will feel obliged if we can put him in the way of obtaining a copy of the words of an old song, commencing as follows—

"Oh, what a row, what a rumpus, and a rioting,

All those endure, you may be sure, who go to sea."

We believe it may be found in a cheap little volume of *Comic Songs*, published by Dicks, of the Strand.

FISHERMAN.—Five pounds sterling, in the time of Gilbert à Becket, was a larger sum than you imagine it to be. Valued at the present rate it would represent about seventy-five pounds. Consequently, eels must have been either curiously costly or singularly rare in France at that time if, as tradition asserts, a dish of eels for the proud priest's table cost five pounds.

LEAMINGTON, S. P. A.—The description was written by Macaulay. Your former query did not reach us.

* We are compelled to hold over several other replies for want of space.

THE ILLUSTRATED
Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1877.

THERE is no more bitter commentary on the fallacy of human judgment than that exhibited in the dismal failures to realise early promise which we have to record year by year in the case of high priced yearlings. Youthful prodigies fail to make even a respectable mark in their after careers; and the fairest expectations are too often doomed to end in disappointment, rendered all the more hard to be borne because of the high hopes entertained of these most expensive luxuries, which represent, in too many cases, so much good money sunk without the faintest hopes of even a partial recovery. Instances, it is true, crop up now and then of hopes brilliantly realised, and of rosy predictions amply fulfilled; but such exceptions to the general rule are few and far between, and a sort of Nemesis seems to dog the steps of the vast majority of those buds of youthful promise. It seems to be the unhappy lot of sensational yearlings, mostly heavily involved in expensive engagements, to take the wrong turn in life immediately after their entrance upon its labours and responsibilities; and one example after another might be cited of youngsters which caused the keenest competition among reputed good judges having made their first and last public bow in the sale ring, and being subsequently condemned to the cab rank or the kennel copper as "worthless for racing purposes." The anxiously expected debuts are too often never made at all, and occasionally they run the gamut of racing from the most important stakes down to selling races, and are speedily reduced from "Derby form" to the level of Kingsbury platters. Yet men are found with hardened hearts and long purses to come up smiling again and again, always hoping that their luck (as they are pleased to term it) may change at last, and that a turn in the wheel of fortune may reward their pluck with a Hermit or a Doncaster, as a glorious compensation for the long list of incapables which have been led away from the ring amid that storm of applause which is wont to follow the fall of the hammer after keen competition for some sensational lot.

Inasmuch as one season is pretty nearly as prolific in expensive failures as another, we may as well, for the sake of example cite the instances of yearlings which fetched over a thousand pounds in 1875, and which may therefore be regarded as the cream of their generation. In that year we find that fifteen young hopefuls changed hands at the average price of about sixteen hundred guineas each, the highest figure being that forthcoming for Sidonia, purchased by Mr. Naylor, out of the Baroness de Rothschild's string, while the lowest priced one was the Duchess colt, which

passed from Mr. Combe's into Mr. Crawford's possession. The last named gentleman has always been conspicuous as a heavy bidder, and three out of fifteen "thousand pounders" may be set down to his account, a similar number to Mr. Gretton, another of those more plucky than lucky, two to Robert Peck, and the remainder to men of such well-known enterprise as purchasers, as T. Brown, Mr. Gerard and Captain Machell, Mr. Mitchell Innes, and Mr. Johnstone. Mr. Naylor we seldom find launching out so pluckily, but here he shines as owner of the highest priced among the fifteen, and perhaps it may be added, one of the worst bargains in the lot. Taking the record of races past, we find that one-third have not yet appeared in public; but of the ten which have sported silk, only two have succeeded in pulling together something under £1,000, which gives the magnificent average of £60 each among the lot, which cost over £24,000. Neither of these winners have been successful in anything like first-class company, and the only one which has shown even a glimpse of high class form is Pellegrino, the performances of most of his fellows being thoroughly contemptible, and the majority will hardly be heard of again in connection with the high line they have attempted with such very limited success. The above results are certainly not encouraging, but we consider that reasons may be found to account for many of the failings of these terribly expensive cattle, which result from certain errors of judgment on the part of purchasers, which (luckily for breeders) are likely enough to prevail to the end of the chapter.

Really first-class judges of yearling stock are almost as rare as the dodo, and beyond their very limited ranks, purchasers may be divided into three classes, shortly, those who buy by the pound, by pedigree, and by family performances. Of these by far the largest proportion are too much led away by precocity of size and growth, content to take a superficial view of the animal, and to get as much as they can for their money. Too many great "slashing" yearlings are the first to fly to pieces, having been unnaturally forced in their growth, and consequently ill adapted to bear the process of reduction, when the disguise of fat has to be put aside, and the carcass has to be furnished with muscle necessary to undergo training operations. How many times in a century do we set eyes on really a good "big 'un" of the Wild Dayrell, Lord Clifden, or Gladateur stamp, and how many Derby and St. Leger winners will be found above the 16-hand standard? A yearling which measures the "good fifteen-three," which so many breeders point to with proud delight, is more likely to run to seed than to furnish into the model of power and symmetry which we look for in the best horses of the year; consequently, we find great winners springing rather from the "middle prices" than from among sensational lots. We hear of a good many yearlings cried down as being too small, but it is only in very rare cases that some mammoth production is rejected as too big. On the contrary, it is the overgrown giants which monopolise all the gape seed, and too often all the attention of bidders round the ring, and when the wine cup has passed freely round, beauties are exaggerated, and defects rendered less visible, until the spirit of rivalry is fairly awakened, and excitable temperaments are irresistibly attracted into the vortex of competition, until they find themselves the so-called fortunate possessor of a ponderous mass of horseflesh, bought "by the pound," and frequently quite incompetent to undergo the vicissitudes of training, and smuggled away at last in disgust, at the price of cat-meat, or converted to the baser uses to which so many "fair to see" have come at last. High sounding pedigrees are another fruitful source of woe to those who are led away as much by airy theories as the class to which we have just alluded is by solid flesh. We have seen the most worthless wretches fought over like the body of Hector, because they happened to be the produce of fashionable, but utterly untried stallions and mares, and if they happen to be only moderately good looking, their imaginary value is enhanced fourfold, and "his blood will sell him" is the flattering unction we find many breeders laying to their souls, when the box door is just closing upon some three-cornered devil with "all the blood of all the Howards" in his veins. Closely connected with purchasers for pedigrees are those who stand by "running blood," and certainly in the long run these get better value for their money than either of the classes before alluded to. Still both are too apt to forget that paper pedigrees and distinguished relationships are nothing without some sort of recommendations as regards shape, make, and action; and though, as a rule, *fortes creantur fortibus et bonis*, the exceptions are manifold, and no general rule can be laid down for our guidance in attempting to follow up previously successful results. There is a deal too much rule of thumb practice in the purchase of yearlings, but it is fortunate for breeders that they can reckon upon so many different tastes to please, otherwise they might give up their occupation at once. It is only by a combination of qualities necessary in forming a sound judgment that success be attained, and hence it is that where the many fail by sticking to one line the few succeed through giving due consideration to every pathway leading up to success; making equitable allowances for size and good looks, assigning its proper weight to theory, as exemplified in Stud Book researches, and bearing in mind facts in connection with inherited racing abilities. Were there more of these rarely gifted and practical judges among us, we should hear less of these expensive failures and costly fancies which have served to point a moral on this occasion, unequivocally as they have failed to adorn the tale of racing triumphs.

A very unusual compliment has been paid to Madame Trebelli-Bettini as an acknowledgment of the general admiration which she has earned at Copenhagen, his Majesty the King having personally handed to her the Danish decoration "Litteris et Artibus"—a decoration which is all the more coveted as it is very rarely given, especially to foreigners. The well-known impresario and basso, M. Pehrent, received at the same time a costly ring, having the cipher of the king set in diamonds on blue enamel. Madame Trebelli-Bettini has left for Vienna, but has made arrangements to return to Copenhagen in September.

"Light! Gentlemen!"
At Chappuis' Daylight Reflector Factory, 69, Fleet-street.—[Advt.]

MIDDLE PARK.

FROSTY nights, and sharp, drying winds, with a welcome accompaniment of sunshine, had done wonders towards rendering the Middle Park paddocks more habitable and more passable on the recent day of our visit. Such a winter as that which is now flinging its last menaces in our teeth, has rarely been experienced, and dismal reports from stud farms have been the order of the day, many of the low-lying localities having been under water for many weeks together, starving the drowned herbage, and necessitating a time of close confinement for mares and yearlings alike. In a few days time, should anything like genial weather be forthcoming, we may look for the appearance of the young spring grass, so anxiously expected, and so necessary to give a start to the youngsters now pining for a change from the hard, dry food to which they have perforce been condemned so long. At this time of year the candidates for summer sales show at their very worst, with ragged, dirty coats, tucked-up bellies, and a general "legs and wings" appearance, which render them anything but things of beauty to look upon; albeit we had rather form a judgment on them in their rude and wild state, careering over their native fields, with all their imperfections displayed as glaringly as their excellencies, than when fatted up like stalled oxen in their boxes, their coats lustrous with oilcake and elbow-grease, their manes and tails made beautiful for ever, and all their faults of conformation overlaid with "adipose tissues," or buried fetlock deep in straw. For our own part we should prefer to see the Tattersallian pulpit set up in the middle of some stretching pasture, and yearlings sold like Welsh ponies at Barnet Fair, only in more decorous style, such as befits the dignity of the thoroughbred. How many "camels" which now bring burdens of gold to their breeders, would be rejected by judges of action, in the paddock; and how many a quick "weed" would be spotted and secured at once, instead of having to go round and round the ring in search of a "pony" bidding!

With the respect due to strangers, we must first introduce the *novi hospites* Dutch Skater and Henry to those of our readers who have not as yet had the opportunity of interviewing these Gallic worthies. Of the two we infinitely prefer the former, and the public would appear to be of the same way of thinking, for the brown is already full, and several too late applications have been refused. He is not a very large horse, this son of the Dutchman from a Gladiator mare, but he is uncommonly well put together, and bears a deal of picking to pieces. No one can fail to be struck with the cleanliness of his back sinews and general appearance of thorough soundness, for which his understandings are conspicuous. He has a good generous head, very slightly inclined to the "half moon" order for which his sire was remarkable, a well formed neck, evenly laid shoulders, and above all he is markedly good just where so many of the Dutchman family fail, over the back and loins, which show none of the Bay Middleton tendency to undue length and slackness. He rather droops behind, and is more conspicuous for honest hardness than great quality or beauty of outline. His forelegs are well set and are fairly formed, but his hocks are a little straight and long, and consequently stand away a trifle, though we have seen many good horses similar in conformation. He is a nice, handy, even-tempered horse, with good action, and is, so far as we know, the only horse of his kind now serving in England, for we do not find Cape Flyaway's name in the Calendar this season. Dutch Skater blossomed rather late in life on the Turf, but trained on into a good second class horse, and his staying qualities no one could gainsay, while the fact that he took part in eighty-three races and came successfully through nearly a moiety of that number, speaks volumes for his toughness, endurance, and excellence of constitution. Never did the once famous "tricolor" boast a truer or readier champion, and some two year olds by him at Newmarket have, we hear, been the cause of his subscription list having filled with such desirable despatch.

Henry is a dappled bay, standing sixteen hands one, and conveying a sort of impression of Gladiator, though he is, perhaps, a trifle more symmetrically turned than the somewhat angular avenger of Waterloo. His head and neck are not particularly taking, being rather of the "giraffe" order, but his shoulders are long and sloping, and his girth immense, somewhere about six feet six inches. He is slightly dipped in the back, a defect exaggerated by a high croup and somewhat ragged hips, which cause him to appear slack-loined and weak in his "couplings." His forelegs are a trifle straight, and his ankles on the small side, though he has plenty of bone in other respects, but he is better to follow than to meet, and, as may be imagined, stands over a deal of ground. Altogether he has not much altered since the memorable day when Favonius came so remarkably "hot" for the Ascot Cup, and when Fordham came in for plenty of chaff about the "in foal mare," who was fated to make such very short work of the Baron's pride. Take Henry point by point: his defects may not appear so glaring, but it is the *result* which disappoints, and he may be put down as a sort of Dr. Feil, we dislike without knowing exactly why or wherefore. Tom Jennings gave the horse the highest of characters, as one of the most genuine stayers he ever had under his charge, and praise from the trainer of so many well-known and approved long-distance horses is praise indeed. Therefore we are not surprised that thinking men are willing to give Henry a fair trial, but he will want his mares picked for him, and if there be any truth in "correction" in make and shape, we should select for him shortish compact mares, and as far away from strains of which he is composed as possible. From the fusion of the Monarque and Ion bloods a horse of Henry's type might reasonably have been expected, but he cannot be described as remarkable for that quality which, in some degree at least, we are accustomed to find associated with those fathers of the stud which have been most successful as sires in their day and generation. So it is refreshing to turn into Saunterer's box, where all the foregoing characteristics are reversed, and certainly hard work both at post and in paddock have admirably suited him, and he is so old a friend, and so well known to every visitor to Epsom, that we need not add to the many excellent descriptions given by various writers of the redoubtable black. Victorious we have always liked, despite his thick neck and not irreproachable hocks, and as time goes on, he seems to get his stock with more substance, and it is remarkable that most of them take kindly to hard work, and are found ready and willing to pick up useful stakes at an age when most of their contemporaries have been relegated to the various grades of utility ranging from the stud farm to the cab-rank. With all his faults, we would rather pin our faith to Victorious as a sire than to his next door neighbour Vespasian, a different style of animal altogether, with no one characteristic in common with his relation. Both were high-class racehorses, but there all likeness ends, and Vespasian must make good speed if he is to fulfil the sanguine predictions of his friends. There is no blinking the fact that hitherto his stock have been woefully disappointing in appearance; consequently no one was surprised to find them fail, when it came to putting them alongside the cream of their contemporaries. Mr. Blenckiron has wisely given Vespasian every possible chance with his best mares, as, indeed, he was bound to do in order to "make" the horse, and we hope soon to witness the good results of this policy, which have been so long in arriving. We think a really first-class stallion might be made "to order" out of the two "V's," but in neither case are the elements quite so kindly mixed as could be

desired, though in the fine collection of mares at Middle Park, suitable mates for each can readily be found. D'Estournel is still a presiding genius of the place, but it was hardly to be expected that he should take the breeding world by storm, and he has had to fight against an evil reputation and a record of performances not altogether so brilliant in their conclusion as was indicated by his early promise.

There are over threescore yearlings now at Middle Park, but of these only about two-thirds will come up on the Saturday in the Derby week—quite sufficient to make an interesting sale—while the remnant will realize better prices later on, as it is sheer waste of money bringing the backward ones up to be sold "by the dozen," at the beginning or end of a long catalogue in June. We saw about a dozen young Rosicrucians in all, and certainly for fine shapes, quality, and general precocity, there are few which can compare with them as yearlings, though most have a "set" look about them, which does not augur well for further growth and development from two to three-year-olds. The filly out of Pandore is thick-set and sturdy, but another from Zenobia has more scope about her, and obligingly gave us a taste of her galloping powers, which are of no mean order, the way she made through the dirt being a caution. All Rosicrucian stock are remarkable for great muscular development in thighs and arms, and for these excellent points commend us to the colts from Gentian and Hilda, the former showing most quality, but the latter a most powerful customer, though sourish about the head. Bas Bleu's is a June foal, but not so backward as might be expected, and absurdly like his dam in colour and shape, though we know not whence his four white legs are derived. Then there is a very taking brown colt from Gold Dust, "leading up to" one of the gems of the collection in the Francesca yearling, good all over, and a combination of all the good points in sire and dam. Miss Winkle, Anderida, and Gamos all show Rosicrucian fillies, fairly entitled to be marked "good," the latter especially, the best that the mare of many headaches has yet thrown, and a good hardy brown to boot, while sister to Kingcraft's is a big-boned bay. Spellweaver's colt is less like his sire than any we saw, but one of Rosi's recent specimens is Fenella's grey-tailed youngster, lacking the substance of her last year's colt, but making up for this drawback by an extra allowance of length and liberty, and a capably formed set of legs and feet.

Last year we remarked that the young Saunterers were better than any of that horse's get within our recollection; and we can report nearly as favourably of his yearlings this season. A light useful smart filly is the bay from Chilham, and the Lemonade filly is Birdcatcher all over, as he was bound to be with the double cross of that gay Irish lad. The Stockdove and Touch-and-Go fillies are still growing fast, and will hardly be at their best in June; but a youngster of the same sex from Contract is a more forward sort, but not very gaudy about the hocks at present. Excalibur filly looked smart, well grown, and full of promise of muscle, altogether a better specimen than the Riband colt, and a couple of very passable young gentlemen are the brown from Mother Carey's Chicken and the bay son of Fleuriste. Four out of the five Parmesans are fillies, which is hard luck, as very few of the Russford sire's daughters have shown over-average racing abilities, though the chances are in favour of their becoming most valuable as brood mares. Dora has an especially nice chestnut filly, and we like Wild Beauty's, of the same sex and colour, fairly well. The Mrs. Wolfe and Grand Duchess fillies, together with the colt from Hibernica, we should prefer seeing once again before expressing any decided opinion; but it may be stated that all the descendants of Parmesan seem to be endowed with the same elegant outline and dowered with the same level quality, which is a distinguishing mark of the house of Sweetmeat. In Grand Duchess and Hibernia we find the cross which produced Favonius, while Mrs. Wolfe and Wild Beauty, in addition to being well bred, are great good looking mares likely to be suited by such a consort as Parmesan. Unlike this last named sire, Vespasian seems to beget "male children only," and a real good looking one is he from Beeswing, and very like his sire everywhere, but without his somewhat objectionable forelegs, which happily are in very few cases transmitted to his progeny. A pair of browns, from Suttee and Roma, stand together, a perfect match as to colour, but the former with more length and liberty than his companion. Two other Vespasian colts are those from Whinnie and Waneton, a chestnut and a bay, the former a nice easy mover, and the latter useful looking enough, though neither of these well bred mares has hitherto done the state much service. Victorious is of course strongly represented, but his Princess filly is spoiled by her hocks, and what promised to be a grand hit from Hermit's dam, has been doing badly of late, and will not be at her best for a few months. For his filly from Rinderpest we have a good word to say, and at present she is fully as promising as any of her sex at Middle Park, and it is something to say for the Kapunda filly that she does not suffer by comparison with her next door neighbour. The Modena filly is long and level, and then we are among the colts, a couple of browns from Her Grace and Bessie being promising enough, and the list winding up with a couple of really nice looking ones from Peggy Dawdle and Visage, so that Victorious is likely to be well represented, and should Rosbach be all that his best friends assert him to be none of the family will leave the ring unsold. Of course it must be understood that we are merely running hastily through the yearlings, without any attempt at a prolonged or critical examination, which we hope to make as usual a week or so prior to the sale. Two months more will make a wonderful difference, and perhaps some of those now apparently the most forward in growth and development, may be caught up and passed by others who have not yet commenced to make up their lee way. Among the "odd lots" are several likely animals, notably a neat Blinkhoolie chestnut colt from Mavela, a brown Blair Athol colt from Lady Di, very quick and handy looking, and one or two by D'Estournel, the chief among them, a rather coarse but very strong brown filly out of Electra, the dam of Actaea, now drafted from the Middle Park Stud. Brown Bread, Toxophilite, and Restitution each contribute to the yearling contingent, but among their produce there is nothing calling for special remark at present. Like a good many of his brethren, Mr. Blenckiron commenced the breeding season with bad luck, but things are now looking much rosier, and we came across more than one foal of high promise during our perambulations. Gamos has a very likely looking chestnut colt by Vespasian, and Lady Mary, quite a recent purchase, can boast of a slashing bay filly by Winslow, a horse for which we have always entertained dislike as a stallion, though we have frequently been assured that we shall have to recant our opinions some fine day. Not content with the richness of his own resources, Mr. Blenckiron has sent away more than a third of his mares this spring, and has patronised such fashionables as Doncaster, Speculum, and Thunderbolt, with half a dozen nominations to each, and besides has secured four subscriptions each to King Lud and Favonius, three to Kingcraft, and one to Macaroni. These with the two foreigners and the old standing dishes at Middle Park, will furnish forth a splendid bill of fare two years hence, and there can be no more fatal mistake than the practice of setting before purchasers a long list containing no novelties, and in too many cases, the results of crosses which have been tried over and again. What appears to be required in so gigantic an establishment is a crack stallion, for with all their many good points, it cannot be said of the Middle Park sires that they number among them anything quite first-class; though we

are fully prepared to admit that such articles as we have alluded to above are not to be picked up easily in these days. By recent purchases among mares, Mr. Blenckiron must well nigh have filled the places of those which were disposed of at the September sale; consequently there are a lot of young matrons coming forward with their various contributions for next year's sale. In a subsequent notice we hope to go more fully into detail with regard to those yearlings intended to be sold in June, and we have merely given our readers the benefit of a scamper through those most likely to furnish the early contingent.

HEATHERTHORP.

A SPORTING STORY.

BY BYRON WEBBER.

CHAPTER IX.

CRISP TASTES THE SWEETS OF RIGHTEOUS RETRIBUTION; KATE AND SYLVIA LAY THEIR HEADS TOGETHER; BURROUGHS EXECUTES ANOTHER COMMISSION, AND THE DOCTOR RECEIVES A MYSTERIOUS PARCEL, TOGETHER WITH A BIT OF A DEVOUT YOUNG PERSON'S MIND.

MATTHEW CRISP felt somewhat dubious of the prudence of entrusting the handicapping for the match to the flexible hands of Mr. Patrick Ryan, but since he saw no chance of mending the appointment of the horse-dealer he abstained from discussing it—except with the faithful recipient of his confidences, Kelpie. Was it a fellow-feeling that made him so mightily suspicious of the dealer? Perhaps. In Crisp's opinion at any rate, Ryan's conscience, like the major portion of the worthy dealer's household goods, chattels, stock-in-trade, faculties, and blarney, was a marketable commodity, at the service of the highest bidder, obviously, in this particular instance, at the service of *any* bidder. Although it would have been monstrous to suppose Sir Harry Sursingle capable of countenancing the tricks with the crafty Irishman—in this wise did Mat continue to chew the cud of his bitter fancy—it was by no means impossible for the Baronet to be "sweet" one way or another about the match. How if he was fond of Woodridge's nag? Ryan had all along set his heart on a deal with the Baronet. Thanks to the administration of a copious and adroitly-mixed dose of Ryanesque, composed of one part business and three parts blarney, he had contrived to obtain an invitation to the Manor, for the purpose of showing the pair of hunters he was prepared "to part with at a sacrifice." Hearsay, in the person of Essom, averred the bargain was struck; and Vanity, in the person of Ryan himself, bore ornate testimony to "the wondrous cordiality of the Bar'net's manners." Now—argued Matthew—Sir Harry and Ryan were sure to talk about the match, they could not help it; and if the Baronet was sweet on either Woodridge or Mr. Arthur Pat, always remarkable for the strength of his eyesight, would see how the cat jumped in a twinkling, and (Matthew, for shame!) lump the weight on accordin'! How did the cat jump? Crisp brooded and brooded until he found a reply. In Heatherthorp Doctor Sutton, electorally speaking, was Nobody—besides, votes were not required there; but just outside the borough of Heatherthorp, that is to say, in his own parliamentary division of Smokelandshire, Mr. Woodridge was Somebody. A warm friend of Sir Harry's was contesting the division wherein Mr. Woodridge ruled, literally with a rod of iron, consequently to Sir Harry especially was Mr. Woodridge an object of interest.

To this effect, if not exactly in this fashion, Crisp meditated. He groaned inwardly. "Ryan 'll see which waay th' cat lowps, and put 'em together tee fit."

The keenest of sportsmen like their champions to have a bit in hand. Crisp was no exception to the rule, albeit Yorkshire enough to his stiff backbone, to regard with the liveliest scorn a match, so-called, where one side has any number of points the best of it, and which is no match at all. But he could not stomach Mr. Ryan. His knowledge of the morals of that ornament of Hibernian society was rather in excess of his admiration for them. "But, hang it—Kelpie, lad, we're alive! Nobbut let them give Mr. Arthur half a chance; just half a chance, an' he'll weather. I could get ower it if he cam' a cropper, or if thou, my lad, didn't stand up—but thou mun, Kelpie, thou mun, or we'se quarrel—I say I could get ower 't. But it wad brek my heart tee see him chopt at start. Weight 'll stop owt!"

Thus, on the third morning after the dinner at Sillery's, Crisp unburthened his soul. It was yet before breakfast with him, for at duty's call he had risen with the dawn to give his pet a taste of 'cross-country work. By-and-by Kelpie would leave for snug quarters on the wolds, for finishing touches at the hands of a famous schoolmaster, and, curiously enough, the Doctor was in daily expectation of being summoned to the same neighbourhood to assist at a most important consultation.

Crisp had delayed his morning meal to have a look at the Heatherthorp, out that morning rattling the cubs about in one of old Wilson's coverts. The Squire, despite his being a gentleman-farmer of a tremendously servid type, patronised field sports in an askant sort of way, and the H. H. were to honour him with a call that morning. But Crisp was not destined to see the young hounds bloodied yet. While jogging leisurely along, exchanging notes with Kelpie, he heard the distant crunch of wheels, and glancing in the direction of the sound, described a pony-carriage which was apparently aiming for the same goal as himself. The vehicle contained Kate and Sylvia, and our heroine held the ribands. Sylvia had expressed a desire to see an English meet, but had recorded her veto against going thither on horseback. "It isn't as it used to be, my dear. Horses are horses now, neither steeds nor palfreys; they don't carbole or amble,—they trot and canter and gallop. In fact, horsemanship in England is such dreadfully earnest business. I could always get on in Paris, where your speed is regulated by the police; but I should be sure to fall off here. Just conceive one of your energetic hunters or lively park hacks running away with me, and casting me goodness knows where. Into the Wimple perhaps." Kate rallied her friend on her timidity (which really was a good deal assumed), but in the end agreed to put the pony-carriage into requisition, the more especially as the covert side was easy of access on wheels. "My word, but she is a thoroughbred 'un," muttered Crisp. "Where does she get it? Not frae Tim Wilson, surely."

"Good morning," Crisp, said Sylvia and Kate simultaneously, when our heroine, obeying a nudge from her companion, had pulled up.

"Good mornin', Miss Wilson—an' the same to you ma'am," replied he, with a beaming face. Then, instinctively starting a subject he suspected one of the young ladies would relish, he added in a tone which one would use to introduce a dear friend—"Kelpie, Miss Wilson."

"I see it's my old pet, Crisp," said Kate, slightly blushing—"rare old fellow! How well he is looking, too!"

"Though I say it as p'raps shouldn't, miss, he *does* look well, and be well, too, for what he'll have to do very soon, miss." And there was a touch of pathos in the old man's voice, not improbably suggested by a lingering suspicion of Ryan, that sounded inexpreably droll. "Ah! he'd need look well, miss, for the weight

Sketches at Teat-Rooz





he'll mebby ha' tee carry," he added—muttering the latter half of the sentence to himself.

Here observe Mat's notions of conversational propriety. Miss Vandervelde was "ma'am," Kate invariably "miss."

"We heard something about it," observed Sylvia. "Doctor Sutton and Mr. Woodridge are going to do something dreadful at the races. To gallop over hedges and ditches, and brooks, and walls, like a couple of wild huntsmen, Crisp."

"Not quite, ma'am," rejoined he, with a broad grin. Kate remained silent.

"Well, but you know this should be stopped. It is dangerous; very, very dangerous."

"Lor' bless you, ma'm—no-o—only to muffs. Mr. Arthur's nae maff,—whatever t'other yap is," he added, by way of aside.

"Persons get killed who practise this ridiculous diversion, this,—what do you call it?"

"Steeple-chasin'."

"Yes, steeple-chasing. Don't they?"

"Why, happen they do. But that's becos their time's come.

An' if we are to go, ma'am, we may as weel go that way as any other. I've had my collar-boâne brokken, an' my shouther put oot; but I gat ower't," said Crisp, sententiously, essaying to soften the account of his calamities by putting it into the broadest possible Yorkshire.

"You *never* were killed, though," flashed out Sylvia, with an air of triumph.

"No, ma'am, I can't say that I ever was," he replied with deliberation, as though the idea had presented itself to his mind for the first time.

"But," interposed Kate, in a tone that plainly expressed her aversion to the turn the conversation had taken, "Kelpie can go across country, can't he?—makes no mistakes?—and Doctor Sutton is a good horseman?"

"The best in England, miss, replied Crisp, emphatically; "and as for Kelpie, show me the hunter that can stand up or finish better than him!"

"What a wonderful master yours is!" said Sylvia, smiling. "Is there anything he cannot do?"

"No, I can't say that there is; not to my knowledge, unless it's a dishonourable action," added he with great simplicity.

"Capitol!" ejaculated Sylvia. "You are a splendid servitor. You are worthy of—what shall I say?—the days of chivalry!"

Kate gave the old man a look, that sent a thrill straight to his faithful heart, and he thought "God bless her; she's worthy of him." He was about to give Kelpie his head, when Sylvia, whisperingly prompted by Kate, observed—

"Really, Crisp, judging from what you say, Doctor Sutton must be a famous horseman. What were his colours—colours is the word, Kate? I am such a stupid at these things. What were your master's colours when he was addicted to this—steeple-chasing?"

"Mr. Arthur's colours, ma'am, iver sin' I can remember, were grey, wi' rose hoops, and white cap."

"Upon my word, a charmingly delicate combination," replied Miss Vandervelde. "Hoops, too. You will think me a very ignorant person, Crisp, but I never so much as saw any horse-racing. I am dying with curiosity for a sight of one of your English race-meetings. And—yes—couldn't you let me see Dr. Sutton's colours, think you?"

"Easiest thing in the world, ma'am. I'll bring 'em to-morrow."

"And you need not say anything to Dr. Sutton about it. He would only laugh at me if he knew."

"All right, ma'am. Good mornin'; good mornin' to you, Miss Wilson;" and the old fellow, delighted with his mission, trotted off in great glee.

What evil genius prompted thee to exercise thy new hobby on that morning, of all mornings, Nathan Barjona? Obedient to the summons of a certain carnal-minded baronet, even of Sir Henry Sursingle, a troop of horsemen, clad in garments of unseemly device and intemperate hue were hastening to the covert side whilst thou wast preparing for two hour's peaceful penance in the saddle. Yea, even to the covert side, with hound and horn, with ribald jest and barbarous halloo, to hunt to death the caitiff fox. Oh, Nathan!

Crisp moderated his pace after bidding the young ladies adieu, and presently he observed, approaching from the further extremity of the bridle road which he had entered—a short cut this to the covert side—his ancient plague the Quaker. "So," said he with a joyous chuckle, "we have met at last, friend Nathan, and not in Essom's shop? What a strange lump of a crock it is!" he added, and as the proportions (should not that word be changed to "conformation?") of the Quaker's steed became more defined, he felt that all the taunts he had received from the uneasy horsemen were abundantly condoned. As he criticised Barjona's timid seat—one peculiar to persons who have taken to horsemanship late in life—he stooped down to Kelpie's withers, and laughed aloud. Limitless are the resources of the Milesian horse-dealer, who is a master of his art! "Well known in the Meath Hunt," was the certificate furnished with the Quaker's horse, when that fearful quadruped was disposed of, by public auction during the infancy of Ryan's professional career. Ryan bought him then, and since then had repurchased him goodness knows how many times, for he felt the same affection for the animal which a clever and enthusiastic "articulator" may be supposed to have for a masterly specimen of *his* compound handiwork. The creature had as many *aliases* as the gentleman cricketer of the period: had played as many parts as a provincial comedian; and had been made up by processes not widely dissimilar from those practised by Bond-street Mrs. Suddelchop—made up at an enormous profit to the artist, too, over and over again. How the angles of the Quaker's nag were made to look like curves—veritable lines of beauty; how legs preternaturally substantial in the wrong place became clean and fawn-like; how stray hairs, suggestive of equine senility, disappeared; how molars lost the marks of advanced years; how purblind eyes once more gleamed with the light of colthood, spare us to relate. We could not if we would. Suspect what you please. Pigments and grease, applications of the irons all round, tweezers, files, and ginger. We are dumb. Just now the tough old phenomenon was playing the part of a cob, to the extreme discomfort of Barjona, whose equestrian education was scarcely begun.

"Poor old beggar," said Crisp, as he rapidly ran his eye over the angles of Barjona's nag. "He's got a varmint head on him that's a good deal owerder than his mouth, Mr. Pat, or else I don't know *you*. An' I'll lay a wâgâr if he hears you music,"—indicating the cover with a significant nod—"he'll mak' owd Barjona fadge a bit, seasoned as he is. T' music of a pack wad kittle his lugs a good deal more 'n owd Barjona's 'woa then! woa I tell thee! I'se warrant. Mornin' sir."

"Good morning to thee," replied Barjona, in a tone which said, "I have had enough of this," as plain as it could speak. "The weather's warm for October, doesn't thou think? Woa, I say. I fear—woa—I am not fully acquainted with this rebellious beast's idiosyncrasies, friend Matthew."

"I know now about *them*, Mr. Barjona," said Crisp, contemptuously; "but if ye were to mak' yourself acquainted with the stein in his off hin' foot, it 'ud be better for him, an' ye tee."

"A stone!" exclaimed the Quaker, in alarm. "No? Wouldst thou mind dismounting? I was apprehensive that some harm had befallen the creature when I set forth; his gait waxed irregular." (A clothes-horse could not have been steadier). Thou

art ingenious in all that pertains to the horse, Matthew—woa, wilt thou?—wouldst thou mind dismounting?"

Crisp tied up Kelpie to a gate that was handy, and set about relieving the Quaker's horse of the stone—which, it may be said, had no existence save in Mat's imagination. Sad to relate, the over-sympathetic servitor meditated mischief and not succour when he so readily left his saddle.

Kelpie, from his sedateness, might have known what was in the wind. He looked on with an expression of almost human gravity as Crisp fussy pretended to relieve the Quaker's horse of the stone which incommode the poor creature's off hind foot.

"And what might ye call him?" interrogated Crisp, by way of withdrawing Barjona's attention from the make believe. "Ye've given him a name by this, I suppose. Haud up, my lad!"

"According to Ryan, Matthew, the name he has been trained to recognise is Teddy O'Toole. From what source he obtained the indecorous—for methinks it savours of indecorum—appellation I know not. It is my intention—woa, wilt thou?—I say it is my intention, subject to the approval of the next Darlington Monthly Meeting, to name the beast after one of our own people, even after John Woolman."

"Ah! just so. Now I think we'll do, Teddy—I mean Johnny (subject 'tit monthly meeting). 'Show thyself, my bo-o!' " and Crisp anointed the quarters of the Quaker's steed with a couple of vigorous slaps, whereupon the mettled quadruped manifested an amount of liveliness that caused Barjona considerable discomposure.

"I—really—woa, wilt thou?—thou shouldst be more chary of thy blows, Matthew Crisp. Woa, I say!" roared out the Quaker, as the horse continued to caper about with augmented activity.

"Hoot, hoot! sir. He'll nivver addle his beddin', let aléane his keep, if ye dinnot wacken him up a bit noo an' then;" and Crisp smiled the smile of the melodramatic villain as he propounded this deep and horsey aphorism.

"Woa, I say," again fairly shouted Barjona, perspiring in every pore, with futile efforts to reduce John Woolman to a state of proper subjection. "The beast's possessed! Little thought I when this morning I left my habitation—" Another caper, lively beyond all precedent, cut short the sentence, and completely knocked the breath out of the body of the terrified member of the Society of Friends.

The beast *was* possessed, only it would have required a third party to have specified with what. When Crisp so readily dismounted he had devised a scheme whereby he hoped to cover his enemy with confusion, and that scheme was now working. We have already heard how, for economy's sake, Barjona had converted his gardener into a groom. Now, notwithstanding all Ryan's teaching, the stable floriculturist was yet a neophyte in the art of valet-ing a horse, and chiefly in the very necessary mystery of saddling. Although the peculiar angle of the withers of the Quaker's Rosinante precluded the necessity for excessive care in girthin' him, he nevertheless required to be girthed somehow; but (as Crisp admitted when subsequently relating the story) he had on that particular morning been girthed nohow. This fact, added to that of Barjona's being as unsteady in his ill-fitting saddle as a farmer who is returning from market with his legs properly stretched, afforded Crisp an opening for his retributive essay he was not slow to accept. Mat did not spend many moments over the imaginary stone in that off hind foot, but transferred his attention to the girth. There, pretending to take in a reef, he managed to let one out, and at the same time to attach a bunch of prickly furze, which presently tormented the once mighty hunter's belly every time he stirred, made him stir all the more, caused him to dance an irregular hornpipe, and filled Barjona's breast with anguish. There is a limit to the endurance even of horseflesh and blood, and the veteran Teddy O'Toole, who had in his day taken Irish banks and stone walls with the heart of a lion, and, subsequently, had not been cast down—irretrievably—during a hard experience alongside the pole of a Westmoreland coach, didn't like it. In fact (so far as his dumbness would permit), he said so. He kicked against the pricks, and shook Barjona the while until the unhappy Quaker was almost reduced to the consistency of blanc-mange. But Crisp's vengeance was not yet sated.

"The stone cannot have been removed—woa!—the creature's disquietude increaseth, Crisp. Verily I would descend—oh! dear, will he never keep still? I would descend, were he to calm himself for one instant. Woa—"

By this time Crisp had remounted, and with most aggravating composure was endeavouring, how successfully may be guessed, to calm the perturbed spirit of the resuscitated veteran. It was in vain. Presently he displayed a method in his madness. In a fretful sidling canter, the pace of which momentarily increased, and of course stimulated thereto by the unseen bunch of furze, he bore the quivering Quaker, much to that gentleman's terror, in the direction of the meet. Crisp's eyes sparkled maliciously as now and then down the wind came the whimper of a hound, for he saw that the old horse felt it, and would require very slight encouragement indeed to cause him to join the field. Gradually, for although the Quaker was speechless with his exertions, the horse had not broken out of his fretful style of locomotion, they got nearer the covert; and the noises thereto increasing in number and volume, it only needed Crisp to play the good Samaritan in a loud-voiced ostentatious manner, and to occasionally take hold of the horse's head, in order to make the beast ripe for flat mutiny. The supreme moment at length arrived. They had reached a portion of the road where the quickset hedge was stunted and broken—an easy leap, with a slight drop to follow. Down the wind again came the musical tongues of the hounds, this time a pealing chorus, deep, mellow, long-drawn out. Crisp, as though he could bear it no longer, gave Kelpie a slight touch of one persuader, and deftly pricked the Quaker's Bucephalus with the other.

Before Barjona could fairly realize the novelty of his position, his rare old crock—thrilled, it may be presumed, with the joyous sound that brought back the memory of happier days—was bearing him, clinging with all his might to all the mane, swiftly across a nice sound bit of grass, emphatically "rig and fur." How he got over he himself never knew. The sweet little cherub that sits up aloft, keeping watch over Dibdin's matchless seaman, probably took *him* in hand. Crisp gravely waited until he saw Teddy O'Toole gently deposit his old plague upon the summit of a yielding mound of top-dressing; and then, with a heart too full for the minor joys of the meet, he reaped the hedge, and returned to Heatherthorp. The homeward journey was broken by a solitary remark.

"Kelpie, my lad, I wonder how t' Quaker wad fraâme tee argue noo?"

What caused our young ladies, Miss Wilson and Miss Vandervelde, to chat so animatedly, and laugh so cheerily, as they spun along the road to The Place? The stilted old-world compliments paid them by Sir Harry Sursingle could scarcely have produced such an effect; neither could the frank admiration of a group of ruddy-cheeked young gentlemen farmers and yeomen; while the polite but inane conversation of the M.P. that-was-to-be had surely gone for nothing at all. Depend upon it they were plotting. At dinner it was just the same. Indeed, so hearty was their mirth; even the Squire wondered, and his wonder increased when, after dinner, in the drawing-room, they would talk about the forthcoming races: wanted to know all about the absurd

match between Mr. Woodridge and Doctor Sutton (never blushing, mind, at the mention of these names), hoped he would take them to the races, no matter what sort of weather, and—now—wouldn't he, there was a dear papa? Yes, there was a charming Mr. Wilson! Wouldn't he invite some nice people to The Place for the races? Is it perhaps unnecessary to remark that they bewildered him into promising everything they asked?

Next morning that long-suffering lady's-maid Burroughs "had her life worried out of her," as she with more force than elegance expressed it. She was enjoined to wait upon Crisp when he arrived, and immediately to give them a parcel he would bring—immediately, recollect.

"Very well, 'm," said Burroughs, in high dudgeon. I understand—*him*-mediately; you shall have it."

Crisp came, and duly delivered the parcel, and it was conveyed to Miss Wilson's room "him-mediately." But Burroughs's troubles were not at an end for that day. She was requested to hold herself in readiness to proceed to Heatherthorp, and to return the parcel to Crisp—to Crisp alone, recollect. And while at Heatherthorp she was to execute a certain commission; and, greatest insult of all (She was sure, indeed! Come up, now, what did her mistress mean, she should like to know?), she was not to linger by the way—to say nothing to anyone respecting the cause of her visit—and chiefly to avoid that long-tongued gossip Mr. Essom.

Burroughs, however, succeeded in accomplishing all that was required of her, and was dismissed, the young ladies devoting the remainder of the afternoon to the joint cultivation of a headache in Kate's room.

In Heatherthorp just now there was little lack of topics for conversation. A good circumstantial independent lie there enjoys robust vitality for a calendar month; and a lie that is "founded on facts" lasts for generations. Barjona was aware of the borough's most charming characteristic, and when he was affectionately asked how he enjoyed the run, and if he was going to have the brush mounted, and whether he intended entering his nag for the Welter, he groaned inwardly, and bemoaned the day he had incensed Matthew Crisp, who, he felt certain, was responsible for that wretched ride across country. This was one topic.

Then there was another. Ryan failed to send in the weights for the match. Essom fidgeted a good deal about the horse-dealer's neglect, and very reasonably; he wanted the bills out, besides, as he put it one night in the bar-parlour of the Sursingle, "It paralyses the betting. Admitting that Ryan had to look out some Irish matters and what not in order to put the horses together, we, as a race committee, ought not to suffer, and, as I observed before, it paralyses the betting." Nevertheless, the great Ryan remained dumb, whereat Crisp, who made daily inquiries, silently chafed, and predicted foul play.

One morning about this period the Doctor was preparing for his rounds, and prior to mounting, was holding a professional conference in the surgery with Robson, when a neatly folded parcel, superscribed "Doctor Sutton," was placed in his hands. At that moment there was a ring at the housebell, and looking out he saw it was Miss Cardmums.

"What the deuce can she want?" said he to himself. "Some dispensary business, I suppose. Mat, walk the mare about for the present. Tell Miss Cardmums I will wait upon her directly."

In years gone by Priscilla Cardmums had possessed a comely face and figure, at least report said so, and judging from the no means ill-favoured, though somewhat worn countenance that met the Doctor's gaze on his entry into the room, report had spoken the truth.

After the exchange of the customary conventionalities, she said, speaking in a low but distinct tone.

"Doctor Sutton, I am older than you—a strange expression this for a lady, you may think—and although a lady, I claim the privilege of my seniority to speak plainly to you."

"Whatever Miss Cardmums may be pleased to say shall receive my deepest attention," replied the Doctor.

"I expected nothing less, Under Providence, Doctor Sutton—and I have nursed others too long not to know the extent of my own danger during my illness—under Providence you saved my life, and,"—here the least flush of colour overspread her face—"since then I have taken an affectionate (you will not misunderstand me) interest in your welfare."

"I can never sufficiently express my high sense of your regard, Miss Cardmums," said the Doctor, gravely.

"You are, I hear, about to engage in—horse-racing, and a very dangerous description of horse-racing: you are about to imperil a young and precious existence. Oh, Doctor Sutton, let me beseech you to forego this idle—"

"Miss Cardmums!"

"Pardon me if I use the wrong word; 'tis not to wound you, believe me. Abandon this hazardous amusement. Promise me you will."

"I regret to say that I am quite unable to grant your request. My word is pledged."

"Break it!"

The Doctor made no reply.

"There! again I use the wrong word. A gentleman would not violate his pledge. But, tell me, is there no escape from this?"

"None. Any other favour, Miss Cardmums I should be delighted to grant, but this is beyond my power."

She pursued the subject no further, but rose, and sadly bidding the Doctor good morning, was gone.

"Eccentric old creature," said the Doctor. "I verily believe she would have wept had she stayed another minute. Poor thing! It's awfully kind of her after all. I could not chaff her, she was so distressingly in earnest. Now let's see what's in the parcel."

A daintily-folded, neatly-tied package, with the name, Doctor Sutton, in characters that cause the Doctor to start, and tear open the cover as though catching an express train depended upon his alacrity.

"Whew! my colours; rose-and-grey and white cap. Worked by her hand too. O my bonny, bonny Kate! if Arthur Sutton don't carry these colours to the fore his hand has lost its cunning, and Kelpie, who saved your darling life, will know the reason why!—Miss Cardmums, had I known there were in this parcel such arguments as these for my going on with the match, I fear I could not have been as patient with you as I was. And my colours too. *Not his!*"

(To be continued.)

THE Pembroke College athletic meeting was commenced on Monday in fine and mild weather, but owing to the Strangers' Mile Handicap being on Tuesday, the attendance was small. The following are the results:—Two Hundred Yards Handicap.—Final heat: Marshall, 1; Ashwell, 2; won by 1½ yards; time, 22sec. Putting the Weight.—J. C. Salter, 28ft 9in, 1; H. B. Southwell, 27ft 10in, 2. High Jump.—J. K. Marshall, 4ft 11in, 1; C. A. Close, 4ft 10in, 2. Throwing the Cricket Ball.—T. Bagnall, 96 yards 1ft, 1; C. A. Close, 89 yards 2ft 6in, 2. One Mile.—T. Lewis, 1; H. B. Southwell, 2; C. A. Close, 3; won by 20 yards, 15 between second and third; time 5min 8sec.

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MUSIC enlists the sympathies of every one; but independently of its successful appeal in that direction, authors in all ages have borne testimony to its value in humanising the world. An ancient Latin poet has thus expressed it:—

didicisse, fideliter, artes

Emolliit mores, nec sinit esse feros!

which, when paraphrased, means that a due proficiency in the fine arts forms an effective engine for the improvement of the moral character, and turns the mind away from grosser objects to those of a more refined nature. There is an oft quoted line to the same purpose—

Music hath charms to soothe a savage breast.

Shakspeare tells us:—

When gripping grief the heart doth wound,
And doleful dumps the mind oppresses,
Then music with her siver sound,
With speedy help doth lend redress.

Again he writes:—

The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus;
Let no such man be trusted.

Milton, in describing the enravishment of music says:—“I

was all ear, and took in strains that might create a soul under the ribs of death.” Beddoes, a distinguished physician contemporary with Priestley, and in intimate friendship with Dr. Darwin, thus speaks of song:—

Come then a song; a winding gentle song
To lead me into sleep. Let it be low
As Zephyr telling secrets to his rose,
For I would hear the murmuring of my thoughts.
And more of voice than of that other music
That grows around the strings of quivering lutes.

Carlyle, in describing the influence of Music, thus writes:—“The meaning of song goes deep. Who is there, that in logical words, can express the effect music has on us? A kind of inarticulate unfathomable speech, which leads us to the edge of the infinite, and lets us for a moment gaze into that.” One more quotation must suffice. Douglas Jerrold, in speaking of a maiden’s voice, says: “Her voice, ‘twould coax a nail out of Heart of Oak.” In every house, in every concert-room, where music, more especially vocal music, is welcome, the name of Virginia Gabriel has long been and must long remain a household word. Who has not been invigorated by the stirring melody of “Cleansing Fires,” charmed by the measures of “Where sparrows build;” enlivened by the animated strains of “Message of the wind,” touched by the sadder music of “My lost darling,” who has not been haunted by the insinuating tones of “Only,” “Far away in the West,” “Weary,” “In the gloaming,”—or who has not admired those exquisite cantatas, “Dreamland” and “Evangeline?”

In addition to the above and many other songs Mrs. March has composed the music for the following operettas: *Lost and Found*, *Shepherd of Connouilles*, *The Rainy Day*, *Widows Bewitched*, *Who’s the Heir*, *Grass Widows*, *Follies of the Night*, an opera not yet produced, *Libretto* by Planché. The above-mentioned operettas, which have earned a world-wide fame, are exquisite for grace of diction, for beauty, for imagery, for melody, for a refined and ideal pathos, intermingled with livelier strains.

They are gems for the drawing room, and admirable as such, nay more, they would prove attractive at any theatre devoted to English music. Mrs. March is a daughter of General Gabriel and wife of George March, Superintendent of the Treaty Department, Foreign Office. He is the author of the libretto of the greater part of Mrs. March’s operettas, and distinguished himself greatly in dramatic circles by his admirable adaptation of *Nos Intimes* (a perilous, albeit a most successful undertaking), entitled *Our Friends*, acted by Mlle. Beatrice and her talented company during the last five years. Mrs. March is not alone a most popular composer, but a first rate pianist. Her early musical education was in the land of song, Italy, her subsequent instructor, Herr Molique.—Well may he be proud of his pupil.—Some of our best operatic and dramatic amateur performances have been got up by Mr. and Mrs. March; upon such occasions this truly “Happy Pair” are indefatigable in their exertions not only to ensure success on the stage, but to attend to the comfort of their friends, whose name is legion, together with all who come within the circle of their acquaintance.

A TEN-MILE bicycle race took place at Lillie-bridge, between D. Stanton, on a racing machine, and John Keen, the champion, on a road machine. Keen went off with the lead, and after an exciting race won by about half a dozen yards. During the race there was a heavy fall of rain, which drenched the competitors.

OUI DIRE.

“A. B. K.” referring to the melancholy position of the Royal Dramatic College says,—If the various theatrical managers and others, apart from publicly applying for funds, were to solicit assistance by having boxes for this charity in the theatres, some of the good-hearted play-going public would assist the gentlemen who now apply for the means of carrying on the institution.

A WRITER in the *New York World* says: I found this in an album of a Theatrical Manager:—

A QUATRAIN.

“O, what are your talents, my pretty maid?”
“My limbs are my talents, kind sir,” she said.
“Then I won’t engage you, my pretty maid.”

“I’m sorry they’re scanty, kind sir,” she said.

The author of “The Chat of the Fair” says, “I have often seen in theatrical advertisements references to the existence of a singing chamber-maid; but I never knew all it might mean till I read in the *Daily News* the announcement that ‘Madame Christine Nilsson has been appointed chamber singer to the Imperial Court of Austria.’ There is something after all in being an Emperor.”

A VERY amusing and novel entertainment, chiefly by the children of Mrs. Davies, Brompton-square, took place recently. The first part of the programme consisted of songs and melodies, and concluded with a drum solo, played by a boy only seven years old. In the second part two original farces were performed, arranged entirely by the performers themselves, which kept the audience in a continuous roar of laughter for nearly two hours.

describing a recent run of the West Kent Hounds near Sevenoaks says: “Amongst the company, as we have noticed, were in addition to the West Kent ‘whip’ the two great political ‘whips’ of the day, Sir W. Hart Dyke (Conservative), and the Right Hon. W. Adam (Liberal); the latter, who was the guest of Sir W. Dyke, being mounted on a splendid nag from the stables of the Conservative ‘whip.’ Party and political strife seemed for a while forgotten by these well-known members of the House of Commons, who joined with the greatest ardour and zeal in the sport, and were well up at the finish. Surely nothing can be stronger evidence, if such evidence were needed, that fox-hunting not only makes all classes equal at the cover side, but that it produces the good fellowship and manly feeling which proves so beneficial to all.”

THE sale of Mr. Lamborn Cock’s copyrights, which recently took place, produced a total of £8254 3s. 2d., the catalogue comprising 379 lots only. The competition was brisk throughout, and the prices ruled high. Beethoven’s works edited by Sir Sterndale Bennett, realised £250 15s. 3d., and Sir Sterndale Bennett’s piano-forte works, £536 8s. 6d.

WE are informed by Mr. Mechel that the writer of the letter signed, “Another Country Parson,” suggesting a valuable and much required reform in fire-grates, is the Rev. Lord Sydney Godolphin Osborne (S.G.O.).

MR. PERCY B. ST. JOHN has completed his revision of Gustave Aimard’s Indian romances by translating the “Missouri Outlaws.”

MR. O’CONNOR, who was for several years scene-painter at the Haymarket Theatre is preparing a large picture of Newcastle for the Academy Exhibition.

Mr. O’Connor has recently been employed in decorating the family mansion of Mr. Henry Chaplin with large pictures painted from the surrounding estates.

THE quiet hamlet of Dulwich was recently visited by a large party, comprising members of the dramatic profession and others interested in Alleyne’s foundation. Mr. W. H. Blanche accompanied the visitors, and explained the various features of interest connected with the old college and chapel, the picture gallery, Alleyne’s manor house, &c., after which Dr. Carver, the master of the college, received the party at the New College and granted an inspection of the diaries of Alleyne and his step-father, Henslowe, together with other documents concerning the founder, as well as many interesting relics of past ages. At the termination of the inspection Dr. Carver hospitably entertained the visitors to luncheon, at the conclusion of which Mr. William Creswick proposed a vote of thanks to the master of the college for his kindness in allowing them to inspect the building and the rare old documents and manuscript plays, which would always command the interest of the members of the dramatic profession. Mr. C. Harcourt, Mr. Horace Green, and other gentlemen also spoke, and the claims of the poor actor were urged on the attention of the Charity Commissioners for embodiment in their new scheme for the reorganisation of Alleyne’s Foundation. Dr. Carver suitably acknowledged the compliment.

THE vestry of St. Martin’s-in-fields have resolved, at the suggestion of Miss Octavia Hill, who contributes some portion of the cost, to lay out with flower beds, &c., the old burial-ground in Drury-lane, which has so long remained in an unsightly condition, and to open the ground to the public for the purposes of recreation.

THE *Sussex Daily News* reports that while the Brookside harriers were in pursuit of a hare recently, near Chain Gap, about a

mile and a half from Newhaven, 10 of the hounds went over the cliff and were killed. One of the hounds was a very valuable animal.

THE accident Madame de Murietta recently met with in the hunting field at Melton, through her horse swerving after a formidable leap and bringing her in contact with the branches of a tree, was not so serious as has been reported. Madame de Murietta returned to London, and rapidly recovered from the slight injuries she sustained.

IT is said that the Italian Opera will this year be located in the Queen’s Theatre, if Colonel Mapleson’s endeavours to secure Her Majesty’s prove of no avail.

THROUGH the liberality of Mr. Arthur Sullivan and Mr. W. S. Gilbert, two additional beds have been added to the Victoria Hospital for Children, Gough House, Chelsea, to be called “the Sullivan Cot” and “the Gilbert Cot.” There are now eleven special cots in the hospital, nine of which have been established within the last two years.

SERVIAN DECORATIONS.—Mr. P. H. R. Salisbury, a Lieutenant in the Cheshire Militia, has received from the Servian War Minister, by order of Prince Milan, the Gold Cross of Takova and the gold medal for distinguished bravery in the field. It will be remembered that Mr. Salisbury served as a volunteer on the staff, and acted as aide-de-camp to General Dochteroff during a considerable part of the late campaign.

A DIFFICULT PASSAGE.

A WRITER in *Truth* concludes that the fashion of admirers of ladies on the stage wearing the same coloured gloves as the objects of their admiration is an absurdity which ought to be put down, and adds, a friend tells me that he was at the Folly Theatre a few evening ago, and a Miss Violet Cameron, who was playing some minor part, wore black gloves with white thumbs, and white between the seams of the fingers. In a side box were three youths, with their hands enclosed in similar gloves, which they dangled over the elbow-rest of the box for the benefit of the audience. At the end of the performance these three friends of the drama in its highest aspect, assumed mufflers with a red and white stripe, and got into a hansom cab, whose driver had round his neck a muffler of the same description. With reference to the above, Miss Cameron writes to say she never in her life wore such gloves.

WE always detected a smack of caddishness in the title “One who pays,” which appeared some years ago in *Punch*, connected with some feeble dramatic criticism, and *Truth* reviving also confirms that idea in saying that the author of them wrote to a London manager, asking for a free admission, dating his letter from the *Punch* office, and signing it “One who pays”! We used to wonder whether that same aggressively purse-proud journalist returned any books he might review to their publishers, and long to ask him what guarantee for honesty he detected in being able to afford so very modest a luxury as the price of a ticket for the stalls.

THE *Kent and Sussex Courier* (Tunbridge Wells) after

